



WARREN  
MAGAZINE



THIS ISSUE: THE BUTCHER, SPOOK, JACKASS & THE APOCALYPSE!

# EERIE

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EERIE  
#64

MAR. 1975

EXTERMINATOR ONE: HIS MISSION HAD BEEN TO DESTROY.  
BUT NOW HE WAS HUNTED.  
TRAPPED. THE TARGET  
OF A DEADLY ASSASSIN.

ONLY ONE BEING COULD SAVE HIM.  
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE EXTERMINATOR TWO!





SO **THERE**  
YOU ARE! BACK  
FOR MORE OF  
**COUSIN EERIE'S**  
SPOOKY TALES  
AND CHILLING  
DELIGHTS, EH!

WE'LL DROP  
EVERYTHING,  
SIT DOWN,  
AND GET  
**COZY!**

FOR WITHIN THESE  
PAGES LURK THE  
MANIACAL  
**JACKASS MONSTERS,**  
**EXTERMINATOR ONE,**  
**THE SPOOK, AND**  
**CRACKERMEYER!**

THERE'S ALSO THE  
HAUNTING SAGA OF  
**THE APOCALYPSE**  
AND THE  
HEARTWARMING  
DEBUT OF **DADDY**  
**AND THE PIE!**

**AND...IF YOU'RE**  
WONDERING ABOUT  
MY NIFTY L'IL  
**HAT** HERE, IT REALLY  
BELONGS TO  
**THE BUTCHER**  
WHO ROUNDS OUT  
ONE OF MY **BEST**  
ISSUES **EVER!**





**OUR COVER**  
Exterminator One, part man, part metal, created to kill imperfect humans. Why then was the bigger, stronger man-tank created? The terrible Exterminator Two. A chilling portrait by artist Ken Kelly.

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# EERIE®

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**ISSUE NO. 64**  
**MARCH 1975**

**4 DEAR COUSIN EERIE** "At Wabash College, I read some of the best literary classics in the world," writes Bill Jalo. "But I have seldom come across a story as meaningful as Budd Lewis' 'Apocalypse: The War!'"

**6 NIGHT OF THE JACKASS** There was hell in the orphanage. Somehow children had gotten hold of the Hyde drug... the Jackass serum. And it changed them. Turned them into rampaging monsters!

**16 THE STORY** Comic books. Where do they come from? How are they made? An in-depth analysis details each step in the production of an exciting entertainment media. The issue: the makeup of a comic script!

**17 EXTERMINATOR ONE** They lied. They said I was the only killing machine... Exterminator One! But now I'm dying. My arms gone; legs blown away. And before me stands the assassin, Exterminator Two!

**25 THE BUTCHER** The newspapers called him The Butcher. A vigilante killer. Single handedly he had toppled a crime empire. It was rumored that he was a priest. It was also rumored that he was dead!

**33 DADDY AND THE PIE** Every kid needs a hero. Someone he can look up to. We had lots of heroes back in 1934... Tarzan, The Shadow and The Green Hornet. But none could stand up to my Daddy and Pie!

**41 SPOOK & CRACKERMAYER** Toorean. The mere whisper of his name struck gut-wrenching fear into the blacks. Two hundred slaves had entered his house. None came out. It was a deadly dilemma!

**53 APOCALYPSE: THE PLAGUE** The world about us was dead. Lifeless. The plague ate away all humanity. And only we two survived. The spores will catch us. So we run. To the hills. Safety. To a new life!

**CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS:** Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.





## "Lewis is a master of subtle scripting."

I am a student at Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Indiana. It is supposedly one of the finest private institutions in the nation. There, I have read some of the so-called best in literature, but have seldom come across a story as meaningful as "Apocalypse: The War" written by Budd Lewis in EERIE #62.

I do not usually read comic books but this issue was laying around and I picked it up by chance.

The analogy of the chess game to war is superb, while the ending was overwhelming. I believe it is comparable to the masterpieces of Kurt Vonnegut, Aldous Huxley or John Steinbeck. A truly moving story.

I am tempted to revert to my childhood days and begin buying comics again.

**BILL JALO**  
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Am I glad *The Mummy* series is over! "And The Mummy Walks" was boring and lousy!

But now that one saga has ended, you must begin another. Why not have Cousin EERIE star in a series. Let Berni Wrightson do one story, and if it catches on (you can judge by the fan mail) you can do it as a regular feature. It would be a change. Why not try it?

**CRAIG McPHERSON**  
Quebec, Canada

We've got many exciting series planned in the months ahead, Craig. Next issue, you'll meet Merlin, The Kingmaker, Hunter II, and be introduced to The World for Got.

After that comes *The Freaks*, *Godeye*, *Papa Voodoo*, *The Immortals* and *El Cid*. If we had any unscheduled space in the coming year, we could seriously consider your suggestion, Craig. But for 1975, EERIE magazine is booked solid. It's going to be an exciting year.

Fine issue, #62! Especially with its reference to **Alberta Feldstein** and **Wilhelmina Gaines**. *Mad* magazine's Feldstein and Gaines have influenced many top artists and writers in the comics, and have brought years of pleasure to millions of readers.

Berni Wrightson's adaptation of "Cool Air" featured the most beautiful art job I've ever seen him do.

Did you know EC did a version of the story? It was in the 1951 *Vault of Horror* #17, entitled "Baby... It's Cold Inside." It was masterfully illustrated by none other than Wrightson's main influence... **Graham Ingles!**

**MICHAEL OLIVERI**  
Washington, D.C.

I must say that **Bill DuBay** has turned out to be quite some writer. Possibly the best now featured in the *Warren* magazines. And as the man who has inherited the mantle left by **Archie Goodwin**, that's some accomplishment.

I have watched DuBay's progress from his first days at *Warren* with his simple cartoon style and his simpler scripts. God, I remember his science fiction drawing way back in an old issue of *CREEPY'S* fan club pages.

Now DuBay has emerged as the comic magazine talent. He can edit. He can write. And he can draw! That's talent!

Not only is DuBay a master of such chilling suspense stories as "Nightfall," in EERIE #60, but also stories with high emotional content like "Freedom's Just Another Word," in *CREEPY* #53.

His *Exterminator* series is superb. So much thought. So much action. So much emotion crammed into one character.

He also has a way of inserting little pieces of wit into his stories. For instance in the *Hawk Killer* tale, our hero says, "I had visions of the president himself shooting off the organ that got me into this mess!" Wonder what he's really saying? And on the title page of *The Butcher*, in the newspaper account, two girls, **Wilhelmina Gaines** and **Alberta Felstein** are killed. Geez! The talent at *Mad* magazine destroyed by DuBay in one sitting at his typewriter. A nice touch of humor, from one EC fan to thousands of readers.

**Bill DuBay** is the indisputable master of subtle scripting. I hope to be enjoying his work for years to come.

**TONY DALY**  
Chicago, Ill.

Of the six stories in EERIE #62, four were very good, one was fair and one was terrible.

The terrible one was "Apocalypse: The War." It had no place in your magazine. It didn't frighten me, and it barely entertained me. I found the storyline completely stupid and boring.

The fair story was *The Butcher*. Although the art and script were excellent, I felt that it too, did not belong in EERIE. You seem to be carrying this realism a bit too far! Where are the vampires, zombies and werewolves of old?

The other four stories in the issue were all very good, with Berni Wrightson outdoing himself in "Cool Air" and **Joaquin Blazquez** doing a marvelous illustrating job in "And the Mummies Walk."

**ALAN NORDMARK**  
Dalton, Penn.

EERIE #62 was excellent! I loved every story in the issue.

"Apocalypse: The War" was a very good story, a perfect example of the current problem tales discussed on the page six editorial. **Jose Ortiz** has a unique drawing style and **Budd Lewis** is one of your top writers.

"Cool Air" was just average. But Berni Wrightson is a fine artist and I am looking forward to his other "Classics of Horror" adaptations.

The *Spook* as always, was great. And it gave us an exciting backup character in the form of **Crackermeyer**, the voodoo man. **Leopold Sanchez** does a fine job of capturing the mood of the swamp. And **Budd Lewis** scored again with another tensely written yarn.

*The Butcher* was a good, realistic story. It was action-packed and fast paced with exquisite **Rich Corben** art and a fantastic blood-drenched ending.

*The Unholy Creation* was also a beautiful story. It was deeply moving in spite of a simplistic plot. The ending was a gem. It made me feel sorry for our hero, just as I felt sorry for **Child**, the *Mummies* and *The Exterminator*. **Steve Skeates** should be proud of an exceptional story. I am looking forward to more of the *Unholy Creation*.

"And The Mummy Walks" was another good **Skeates** ode. Poor **Arthur Lemming**. Just as he was cured, he dies. But the fact that he died as a man, not as a monster, means something. What it means I'm still trying to figure out.

**RUSSELL KALTSCHMIDT**  
Long Island, N.Y.



The Butcher was another controversial epic. Some readers stated that it was the type of controversy EERIE should comment on. But many found its treatment too realistic!



## "'Cool Air' was best!"

The best story in EERIE #62 was "Cool Air" by **Berni Wrightson**. I consider all of his previous stories nothing less than classics. "Cool Air" is his masterpiece.

**Wrightson** is my favorite artist and I'm glad to see he'll be with **Warren Publishing** for awhile yet. It would be nice if he could do one of his stories in color. Just imagine what the last page of "Cool Air" would have looked like in realistic hues.

I am also glad that there was a color story this issue... a story by **Rich Corben** at his best. The storyline of "Forgive us Our Trespasses" was not great, but it was refreshing to see EERIE experimenting with such topics as religion and gang violence.

**CAMERON HUGHES**  
East Windsor, N.J.



We hope the Godfather and the Pope share your views, Cameron.

Look in the newspaper in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" where it tells how **Alberta Feldstein** and **Wilhelmina Gaiens** were gunned down.

Do you suppose that will get the people mad or get the people at Mad?

**HARRY AU**  
Honolulu, Hawaii

The first nine pages of "Apocalypse: The War" were the finest blend of narrative flow and visual accompaniment I have yet seen in a comic magazine. The separate but synchronous parallel development between story and art was unique to my experience in its sophistication.

It was a very violent rendering on a violent subject. Ugly, cynical and controversial in the extreme. Yet as a representation of its chosen subject, "Apocalypse: The War" is an unqualified success and deserves widespread recognition as a valid comment on man's past, present and future.

I don't know whom to praise more... artist, author or editor.

Then comes the tenth page. Utterly tasteless, sexist and irrelevant, padded dreck, the like of which I no longer thought possible.

This letter is, of course, an exegesis. But I'd also like to let you know that I am coloring the tenth page black, leaving only the last panel and balloons uncovered.

It seems to me the sort of thing you should have done.

**BRUCE DOWNING**  
San Francisco, Calif.

"Apocalypse: The War" was a different, offbeat tale for EERIE. **Budd Lewis'** dialogue between the players was thought provoking, and for a change, the story ended on a positive note. I have never pictured chess pieces as warring men, but the story really kept my attention. **Jose Ortiz'** artwork has improved from his **VAMPIRELLA** debut and his tight flowing style is at once, detailed, emotion filled and beautiful.

"Forgive Us Our Trespasses" receives my vote as the best story of the issue. **The Butcher** is a good character, reminiscent of the old pulp heroes who are so popular now. Make **The Butcher** ruthless, mysterious and deadly. Have the underworld truly fear him. The initial story had just the right mood and the hood's narration of it was Grade-A plus!

The information on unsung heroes in the EERIE EYE was additionally fascinating. How about explaining how you produce the magazine in a future issue of EERIE.

**REX MUNSEE**  
Wattsburg, Penn.



You've got it, Rex. With this issue, we begin a new feature that takes a look at how comics are put together.

Since I am something of an artist/writer myself, I can tell a good story when I read one, and "Apocalypse: The War" was a good story. **Warren** is known as a company with original ideas. Who else would have thought of treating each horseman of the Apocalypse separately? Who else would have thought of treating the Apocalypse at all? Excitingly well done by **Budd Lewis** and **Jose Ortiz**!

I don't feel I have to praise "Cool Air." The name **Berni Wrightson** is immediately associated with masterpiece.

**The Spook** wasn't featured as much as he should have been in his story "Crackermeyer's Churchyard." Don't let him take a back seat in his own series.

And I was a bit disappointed in **The Butcher**. It was beautifully drawn and colored but I had trouble following the action. The plot was terribly complex.

Lastly, what are the chances of **Warren** making a couple of posters featuring **Wrightson's** inside covers... minus words balloons, of course?!

**CHRIS PADOVANO**  
Sayreville, N.J.



We'll take it up with the boss right away, Chris.



"Apocalypse: The War" was a controversial allegory. Many readers felt that it was the issue's best story. Some said it was the worst. One wanted to delete the last page entirely.

In EERIE #62 you had an interesting editorial on "Controversy in the Comics." I felt that in this issue you succeeded in doing just what you were talking about in at least two stories.

First, "Apocalypse: The War." War is a game? Yes, it is a game, one which has been played since the beginnings of time and can never truly end. **Budd Lewis** has presented it beautifully.

Second, **The Butcher** saga, "Forgive Us Our Trespasses." What an origin story! And the art by **Rich Corben** was too much! This tale is definitely controversial. A priest, a man of God, turned killer? No, not a killer... a **Butcher** of men.

And I'm with him all the way. Don't end this series after only a few stories like you did with **Child**. I'd like to see **The Butcher** have enough time to, as he said, "clean the hoods out of the parish."

Another excellent story in EERIE #62 was **H.P. Lovecraft's** "Cool Air." I once saw a slightly different version done on **Night Gallery**. But this was one instance of the comics outperforming television.

**The Spook** was alright, but I much prefer the kind of stories you had in EERIE #58. Fast. Tense. With **Spook** as a loner. In "Crackermeyer's Churchyard" we hardly saw

the black zombie. When we did, he didn't do much.

**The Unholy Creation** in "Circus of Pain" was excellent, much to my surprise! After seeing his origin story, in EERIE #60, I was sure I would never want to read another. But this time you gave him feelings. You had him thinking about what was happening, not just reacting. And now he's met a friend who's in not much better shape than himself. I'm looking forward to reading the next **Unholy Creation** installment to see what's in store for our disgraced heroes.

As for the saga of **Arthur Lemming**, **Mummy**, **Werewolf**, etc., it has ended. For the better, I feel.

Now a question. In issue #58, we were introduced to the **Exterminator**, half human, half machine, in the middle ages. Then in issue #60, we meet **Exterminator One** who is in the future. So what happened to the original **Exterminator**?

**KURT KALISH**  
Thousand Oaks, Calif.



Why do you think he's called **Exterminator ONE**, Kurt. He's the original, the first in a long line of **Exterminators** that were eventually sent all over the world, into space... and even back into time!

## HELP! I'M BEING PUSHED OUT OF MY OWN MAGAZINE!

Poor Cousin Eerie's been Coffin all day. Either he has a cold or he's becoming a nervous Schreck. Don't let the **Child** be Spooked by these series. Write & tell him you care!

DEAR COUSIN EERIE  
c/o Warren Publishing Co.  
145 East 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016





# PROLOGUE



IT BEGINS, IN  
HOUNDSDITCH  
ORPHANAGE,  
1897.

...AN I AIN'T TEDDY  
BATES IF THIS HOME AIN'T  
RIPE FER TH' LESSON  
WE CAN GIVE IT WITH  
THIS 'ERE DRUG!

WILL IT REALLY  
MAKE US STRONGER  
'N EVEN OL' CATLIN,  
TEDDY?



NO MISTAKE  
IT WILL! AN' ONCE  
THIS MUCK 'AS DONE ITS  
WORK, I MIGHT EVEN  
GIVE CATLIN' A TASTE  
OF 'IS OWN HICKORY  
SWITCH!

OH!

HAHA!

DON'T LET  
'IM 'EAR YER  
BRAGGIN'  
LIKE THAT!



DAMN CATLIN!  
AN' DAMN THAT HAG  
BILLINGSLEY AN' 'ER  
CABBAGE SOUP, AN'  
THAT RIGHT BLEEDER  
WINCH WITH 'IS DAMN  
LETTERS AN' NUMBERS!

AN' DAMN TREMAINE  
ALWAYS KEEPIN' US  
AWAY FROM 'ER  
PRECIOUS GIRLIES!



IF I GETS  
ALL BIG AN' STRONG,  
I'M GONNA LOOK  
UP TH' GIRLS'  
DRESSES!

BETCHA I  
CAN EVEN KISS  
MISS  
TREMAINE.

WOOOEEE!  
ME TOO!

I'M GONNA  
PUNCH WINCH  
IN TH' NOSE!

HA! HA!



AYE! AN' THIS  
'ERE HYDE DRUG'LL  
GIVE US TH' GUTS  
TO DO ALL THAT  
STUFF!

HEY! I AIN'T  
SURE WE SHOULD...!  
I 'EARD YER CAN  
GET SICK!



AN' I'M THINKIN'  
IT'S A LITTLE LATE  
FER YER T' BE TURNIN'  
YELLOW, BEN  
GODFREY!

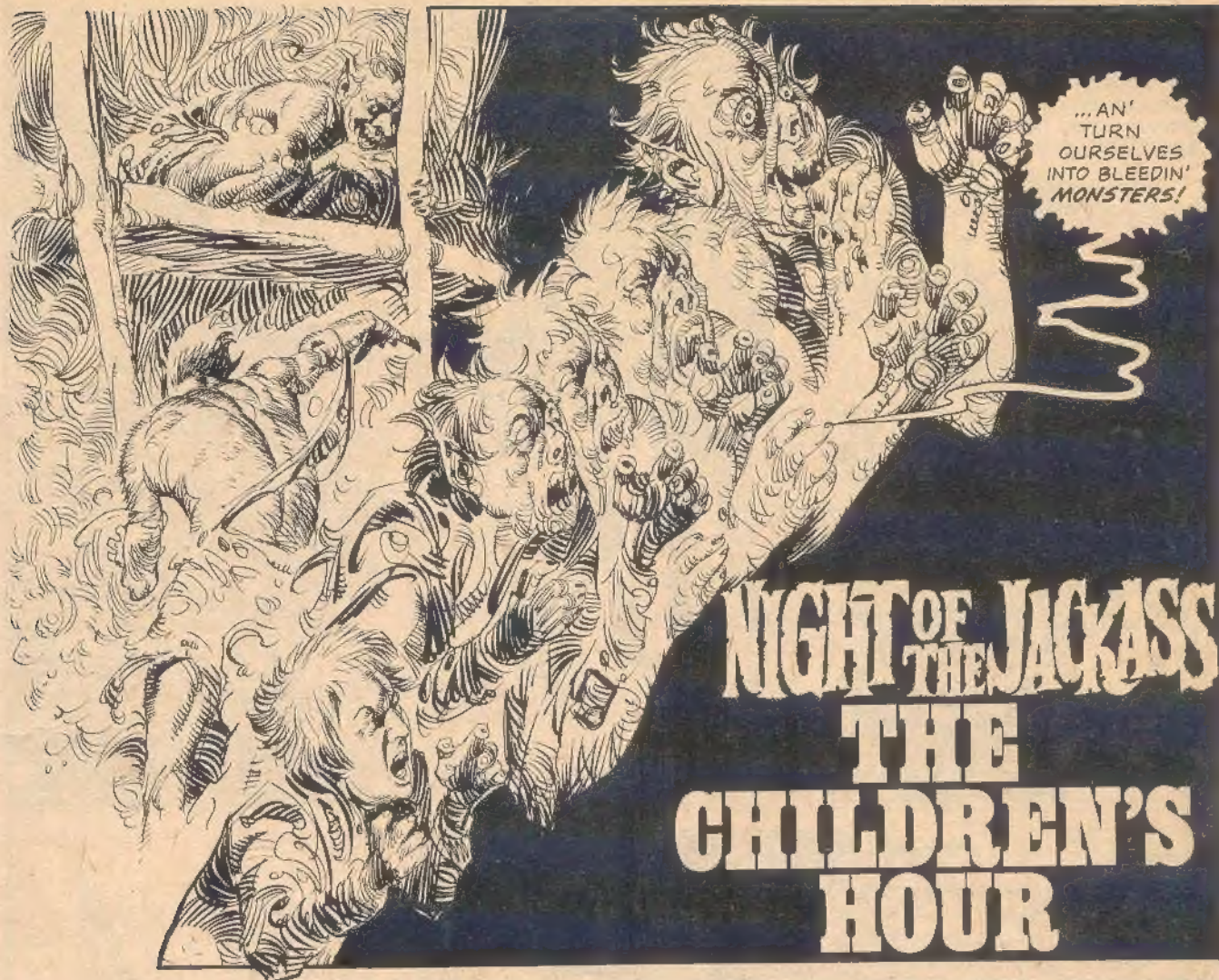
AYE, BEN! WE  
AIN'T GOIN' T' GET  
SICK, JUST HAVE  
A BIT O' FUN!

ARE YER  
WITH US?



THEN  
LET'S  
DO  
'ER...





...AN' TURN OURSELVES INTO BLEEDIN' MONSTERS!

# NIGHT OF THE JACKASS THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

FROM GREENWICH AND RICHMOND, FROM MUSWELL HILL, FROM SYDENHAM THEY COME.

BE IT OUT OF DUTY OR CURIOSITY, MORBID LUST OR BOREDOM, EACH ANSWERS TO THE RUMOR OF JACKASS.



MOST COME TO "GUILTLESSLY" PARTAKE OF INFAMY...

...SOME COME TO CURTAIL IT.

GOD'S BLOOD, BISHOP, ANOTHER ONE! THIS TIME CHILDREN HAVE TAKEN THE DRUG... OTHER CHILDREN ARE THEIR VICTIMS...

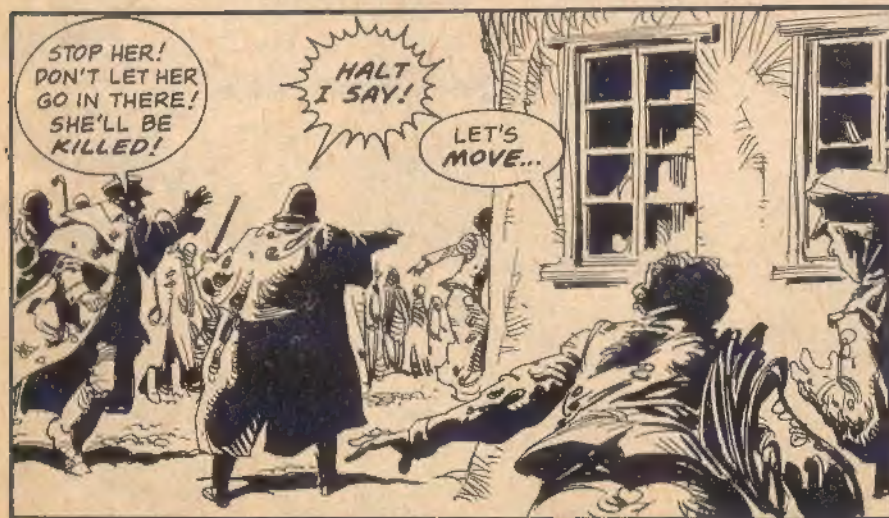
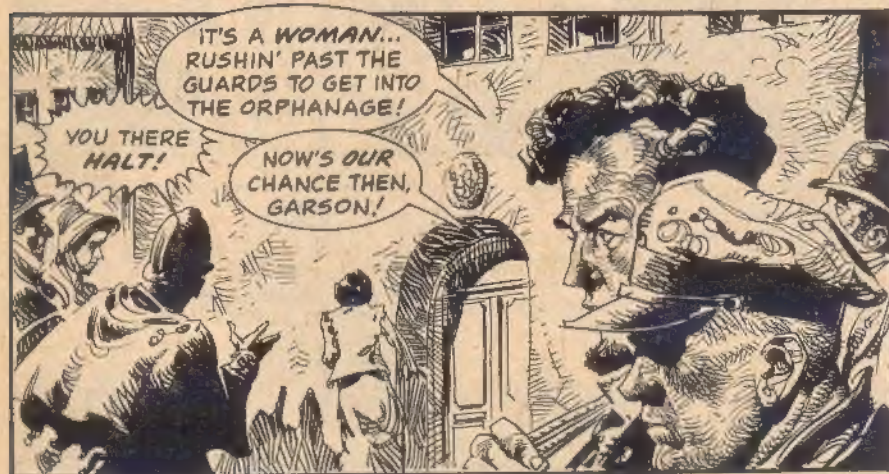
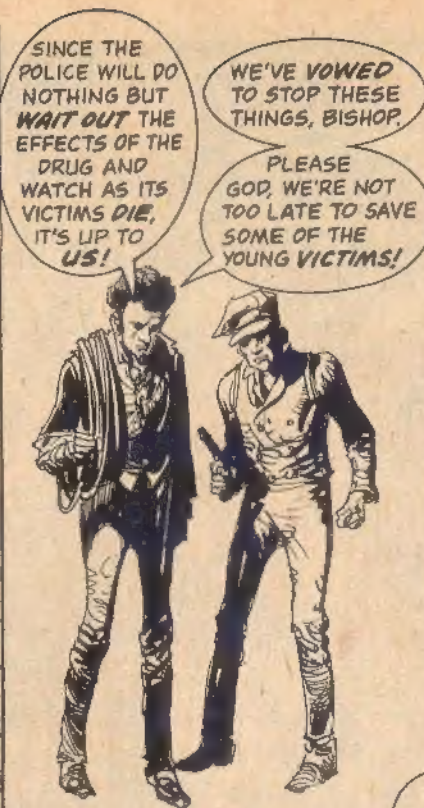
...AND STILL, THE POLICE STAND IDLE!

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT THE DRUG FALL INTO THE HANDS OF YOUNG 'UNS. THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT IT CAN DO!

THEY HAVEN'T SEEN THE HORROR, THE LUST THE AWFUL EVIL... AS WE HAVE!

AND FOR SURE, THEY DON'T KNOW THAT WHEN THE DRUG WEARS OFF, THEY'LL DIE!







...A **VIOLENT** ENTRANCE DOWNSTAIRS IS BUT A RIPPLE IN THE SEA OF NOISE TWO FLIGHTS UP...

...WHERE A GROUP OF RAUCOUS YOUNG SCAMPS ARE HAVING A BIT OF FUN.



MR. CATLIN'S HAD A TASTE OF HIS OWN HICKORY SWITCH.



SOMEBODY'S PUNCHED WINCH IN THE NOSE.



THEY'RE PEEKING UP LOTS OF DRESSES!

AND MISS TREMAINE EVEN GOT KISSED.

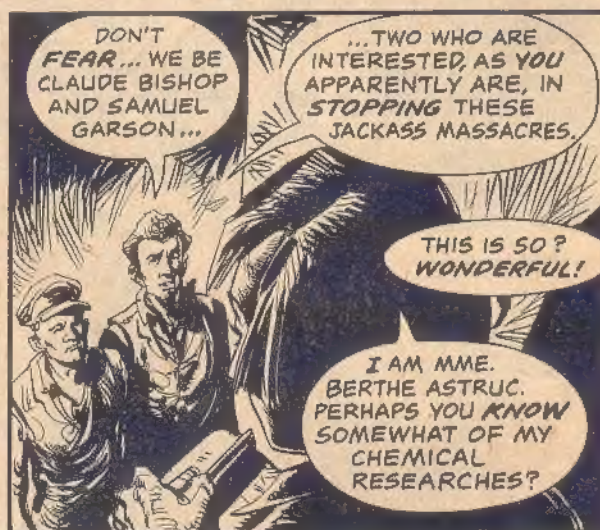


BISHOP! THAT WOMAN. SHE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE'S GETTING INTO!

BOYS WITH THE LUSTS OF THE MOST DEPRAVED RAPIST WILL SUDDENLY THRUST UPON HER! THE LAST THING WE CAN ALLOW THEM IS ANOTHER VICTIM!











AND CHILDREN  
GIVE THEM THE  
FINEST TOKE  
AND

HOW 'BOUT  
MORE O' THAT  
STUFF WHAT  
FEELS GOOD?

WHAT D'YE  
WANT T'  
DO NOW?

YEAH,  
'CEPT  
TREMAINE'S  
DEAD

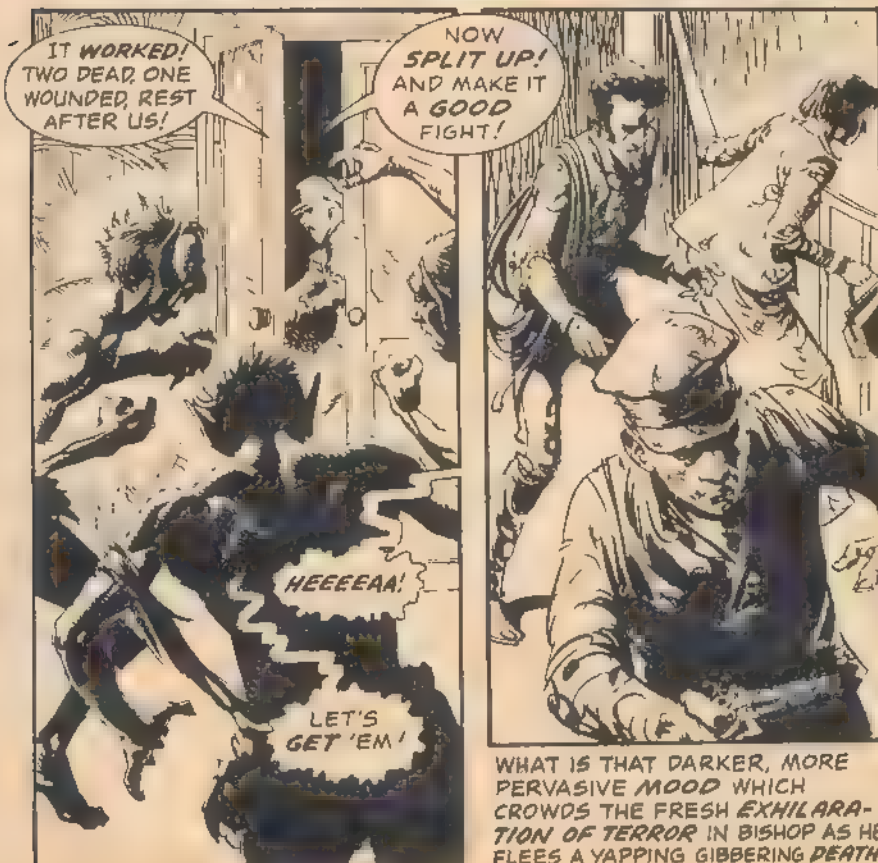


SUDDENLY, BISHOP RICKS  
OPEN TWIN DOORS, TAKING  
A GROUP OF THE  
FURRAGING "MONSTERS"  
BY SURPRISE...

ATTACK!  
STOP HIM!

'ERE  
YE BE, YA  
WICKED  
BLEEDERS!

BAM



IT WORKED!  
TWO DEAD, ONE  
WOUNDED, REST  
AFTER US!

NOW  
SPLIT UP!  
AND MAKE IT  
A GOOD  
FIGHT!

HEEEAAA!

LET'S  
GET 'EM!

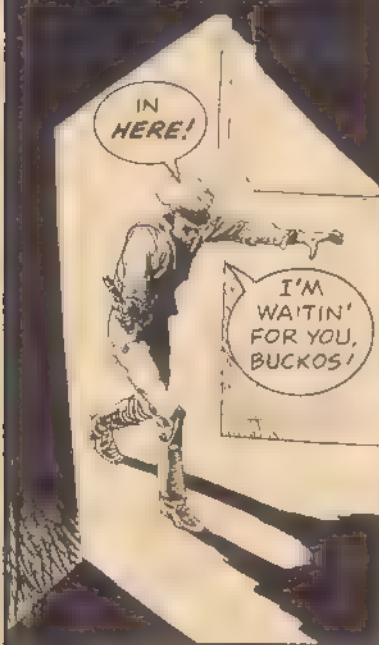
WHAT IS THAT DARKER, MORE  
PERVERSIVE MOOD WHICH  
CROWDS THE FRESH EXHILARA-  
TION OF TERROR IN BISHOP AS HE  
FLEES A YAPPING GIBBERING DEATH?



WHAT IS IT THAT CRAWLS THE  
NAPE OF HIS NECK AND SQUATS  
IN HIS STOMACH, POLLUTING  
THE CLEAN RUSH OF BLOOD  
UNDER HIS TEMPLES?



THE MAN CANNOT THINK ABOUT IT. HE CAN ONLY ACT AND IN ACTING, FEEL...



IN HERE!

I'M WAITIN' FOR YOU, BUCKOS!

HA! HA! SPORT! GREAT FUN TO MURDER, EH, BILLY BOY?



...FEEL EMOTIONS WHICH MAY HAVE SINCE DIED WHEN JACKASSING RESURRECTED THEM, AND DARED HIM NOT TO ABANDON LIFE AS WELL.

IS THE SHADOW ACROSS HIS HONEST, EXCITED FRIGHT ALSO FEAR THEN?



WHERE'D HE GO?

AND IS THAT FEAR TAINTED BY THE YET DARKER SUSPICION THAT SUCH BELFISH EXPLOITATION OF ATROCITY MAY BE SICKER THAN THE SUICIDE HE ONCE CONTEMPLATED.

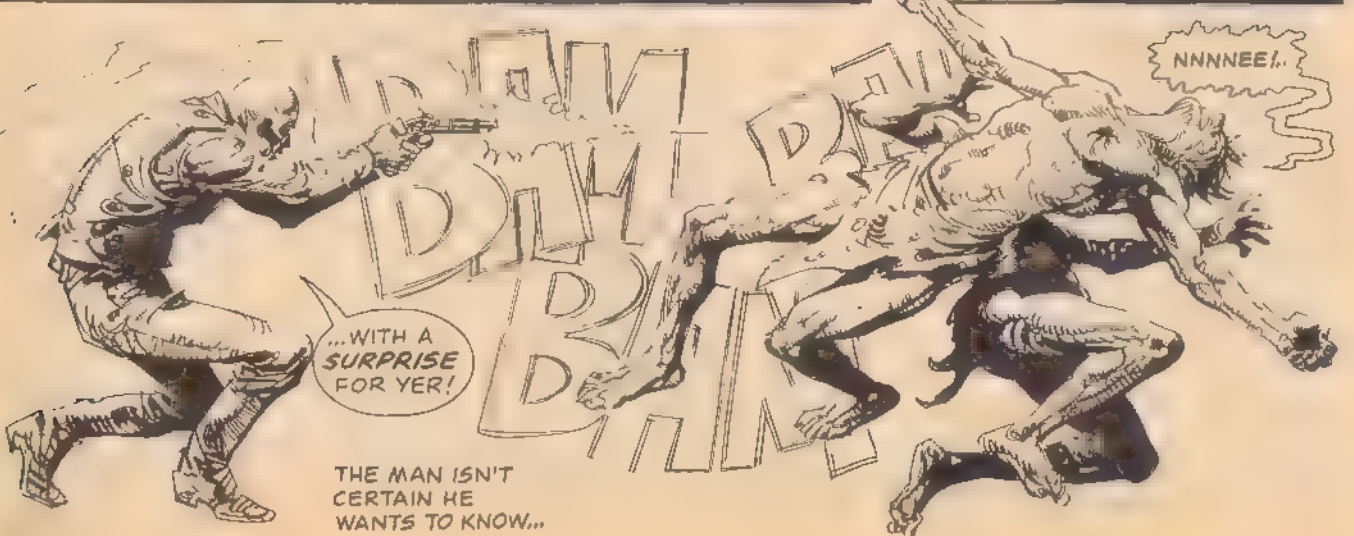


UP 'ERE, CADS...

AN UNHEALTHIER FEAR OF LOSING THIS CHALLENGE TO LIVE?



HIDIN' EH?

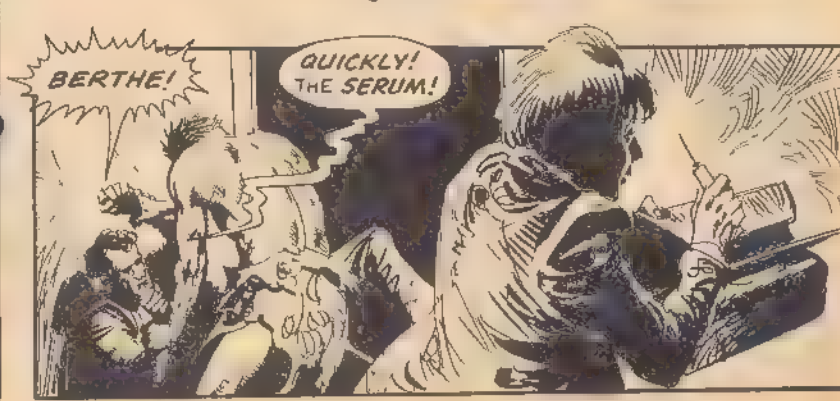
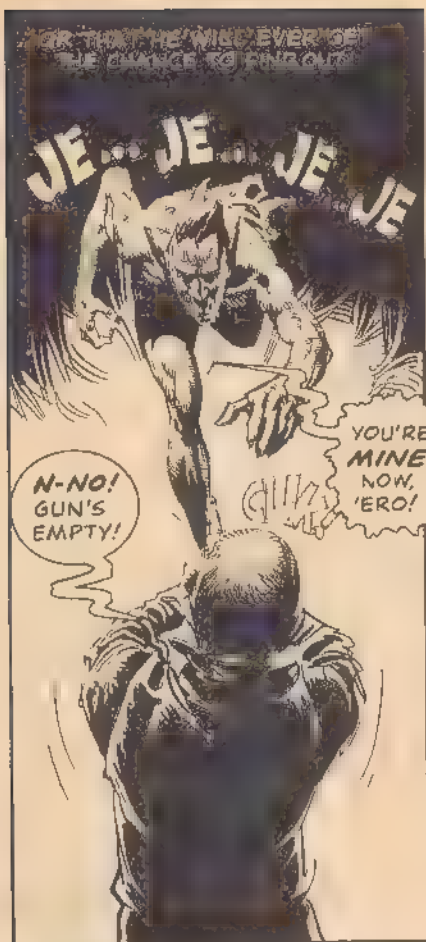


NNNNEE!

...WITH A SURPRISE FOR YER!

THE MAN ISN'T CERTAIN HE WANTS TO KNOW...









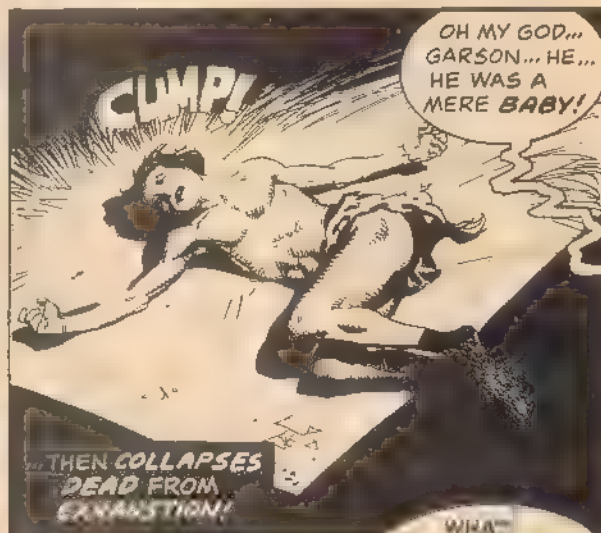
THE NEEDLE PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE BEAST'S BACKSIDE..



...AND SECONDS LATER IT IS A MERE **CHILD** WHO IS FLUNG AWAY FROM THE SURPRISED GARSON!



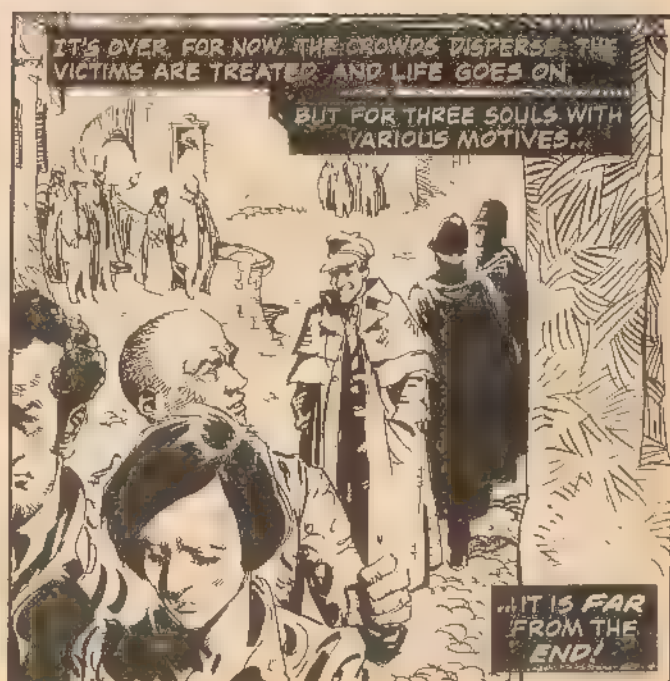
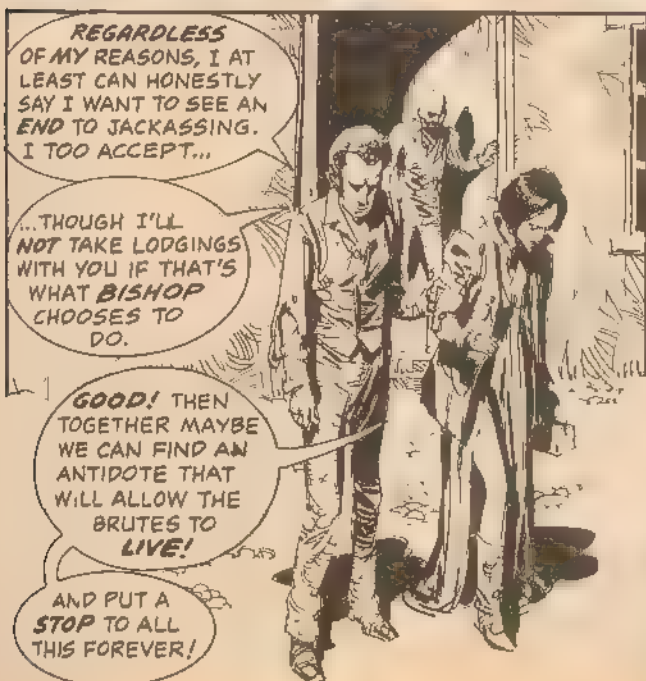
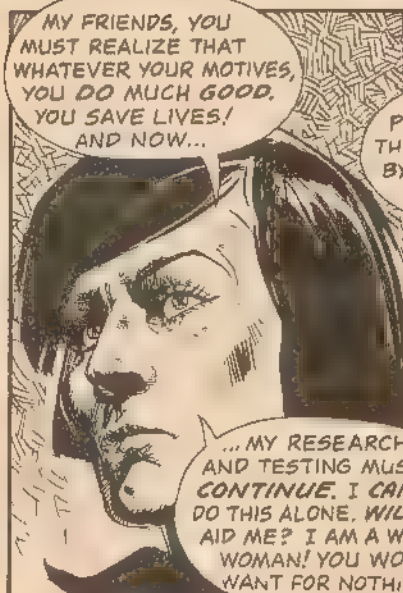
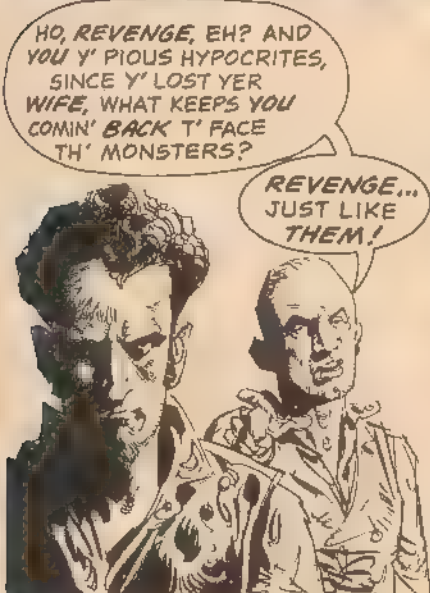
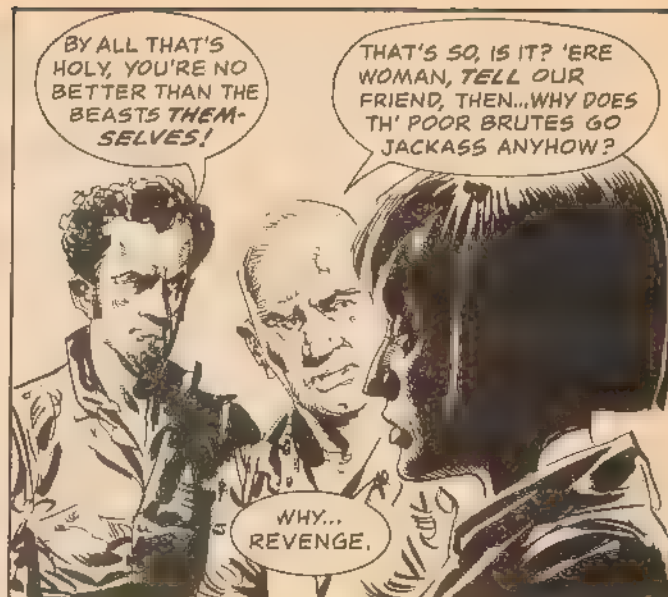
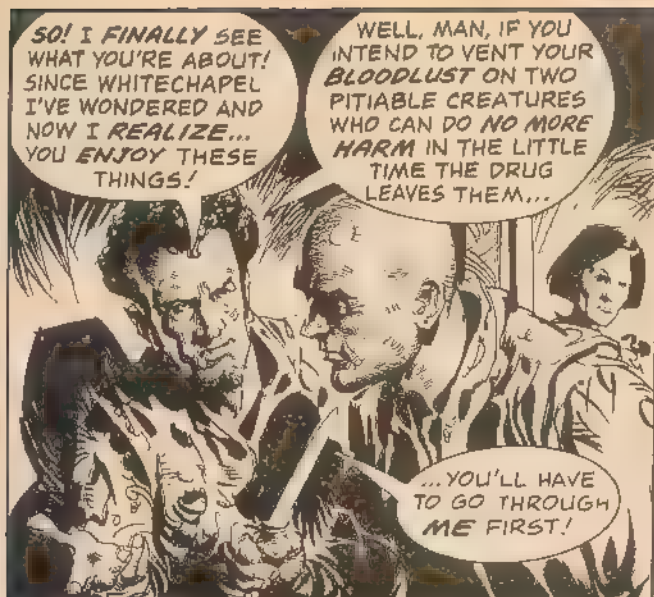
THE LAD TREMBLES...



...THEN COLLAPSES DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION!









# everything you always wanted to know...about the comics!

## the story

OR: WHAT'S A NICE AUTHOR LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

**H**ave you ever wondered exactly what is involved in putting a comic magazine together? Or do you, like most readers, ignore the creative aspect of magazines, leaving that to the professionals, and simply look upon them as another form of entertainment? If that's the case, you're missing an entire world of fun and excitement. A world into which we would like to introduce you... behind the scenes of the comics.

Most regular readers of comics can tell you step by step how their favorite strips are created. It usually begins with the **writer**, who plucks a visually exciting idea out of thin air, and creates a comic script. The script is passed on to an **editor**, who judges the story for content, pace and style, and assigns it to an **artist** to illustrate. The artist tells the

story in pictures, pencilling panels onto large sheets of paper. From there, the pages are turned over to a **letterer** who inks in dialogue, captions and balloons. The artist then finishes his drawings in black India ink. A comic strip's last stop is the production department, where it undergoes final revisions and corrections before being published.

In the coming months, we'll discuss in depth, each creative step of the comics. This month's subject is the **script**. Next, we'll tackle lettering. Then art. And finally, we'll visit a production department and see exactly what goes on there. It should help every reader better understand an exciting and fun-filled media. It might even be inspiring young artists and writers. We hope you'll find it both interesting and enjoyable.

### THE WRITER

The comic book story begins with the **writer**. It's his job to devise a storyline that is **original, interestingly written and visually exciting**. He presents his story idea to the editor in the form of a one-page **plot** outline. Once the plot has been reviewed and approved by the editor, the writer begins work on a **finished script**.

A script for comics varies only minutely from a movie script. It describes in detail, what is required in each picture to be illustrated by the artist. It indicates dialogue and narration copy for both balloons and captions. It even indicates which words are to be emphasized, and how loudly or softly each character is to speak. In a sense, the script writer is like a **movie director**, controlling and moving every aspect of his story.

### THE PLOT

Before the completed script is written, a story outline detailing the plot, action and page-by-page pacing, is submitted to the editor. This is commonly (and erroneously) referred to by both writers and editor as the **plot**. It shows the editor, in as few words as possible, what the prospective story will be like. It also allows the editor to change or expand upon certain points in the story before it is written, thus saving the writer numerous changes in the finished script.

The submission of a plot first, also allows the editor to weed out undesirable storylines without having to wade through waves of manuscripts, to determine whether or not a story is suitable for his publications.

Most writers follow the same general guidelines when submitting plot outlines. They make sure that:

- Their prospective stories easily fit into the style of the magazine they are submitting to
- The outline is no more than **one** typewritten page
- The outline details **each page** of the story, with a description of action and pacing of no more than six lines per page.
- No more than **three** plot outlines are submitted to an editor at any given time
- The name and address of the writer, the title of the story, the name of the magazine it is submitted to, as well as the artist it was written for, appear prominently at the top of each plot

Once the editor has approved the **plot**, it is returned to the writer who immediately begins work on the finished script.

### THE SCRIPT

A comic strip writer, besides being concerned with an imaginative and well written story, must also be acutely aware of panel by panel continuity and pacing. Continuity involves the easy flow of the reader's eye and mind from caption to balloon to art to the following panel.

The script is a fleshed out version of the plot outline. It consists of panel breakdown, art description, dialogue and captions.

Within the framework of the script, the writer must make his characters come to life. Dialogue must be realistic, yet convey information necessary to the story's flow, as well as breathing personality into the character speaking.

Also, balloons and captions must contain a limited amount of words. Too much dialogue smothers the artwork and runs the risk of losing the reader's attention. Words and pictures should work together, not compete. Balloons and captions ideally should tell the reader things he can't see for himself in the storyline. It isn't always necessary to state "It was night," when stars peek brightly from behind a glaring harvest moon. An understanding of graphics is essential, since the writer sets his own stage. And unnecessary words should always be deleted when a picture works just as well.

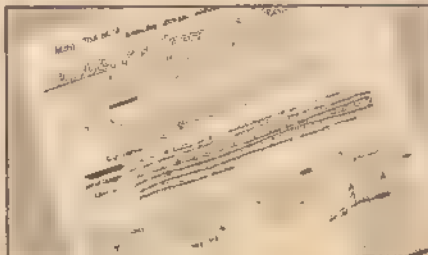
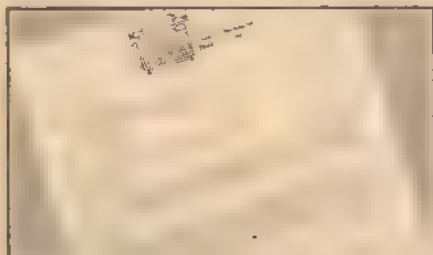
#### Some common rules to which most writers adhere:

- Scripts are prepared in a mock comic page format with panels, balloons and captions drawn in as they will appear on the finished page
- Captions and balloons should contain no more than twenty-five words.
- Lead pages should feature three panels. One large, two small. All other pages in a story should contain no less than six panels.
- Story should open with a **shock grabber**, hooking the reader from the first page.
- Keep sentence structure simple. No run-on, complex or compounded sentences.

#### Some common comic script taboos:

- Use no dialogue that is unacceptable in the public media; radio, television and newspapers.
- Avoid clichés in both dialogue and captions. Use fresh, crisp, thought-provoking copy at all times.
- Avoid cliché stories with cliché, stereotyped characters and settings.
- Avoid sexual implications. Use common sense where sex is concerned in the comics.

After the writer puts together the finished script, based on all of the information above, he turns it over to the editor, and has but one more duty to perform: He **cashes his check**.



An actual comic book page, as it undergoes transformation from plot (left) to script (center) to finished art (right).

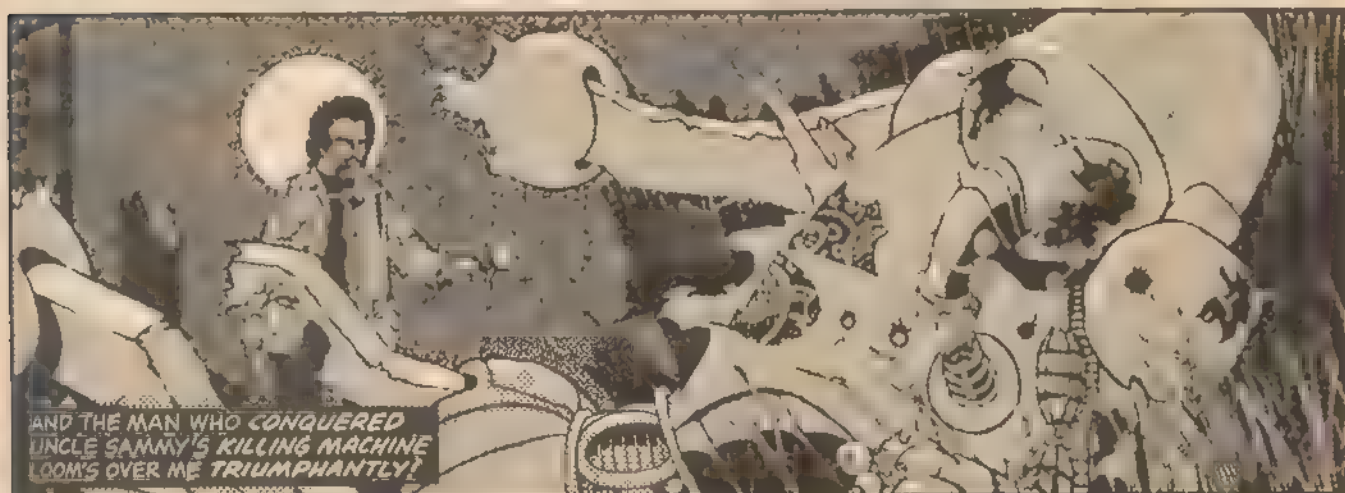


# EXTERMINATOR ONE

IT'S MARCH 2014 THIS IS NEW YORK CITY AND I'M PETER ORWELL / AT LEAST I **USED** TO BE BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT THREW AWAY MY **BODY** AND WRAPPED MY **BRAIN** IN A TIN CAN

BUT IT ALL SEEMS SO **UNIMPORTANT** NOW! WHY SHOULD **ANYONE**, INCLUDING MYSELF CARE WHO I **USED** TO BE...OR **WHAT** I AM!

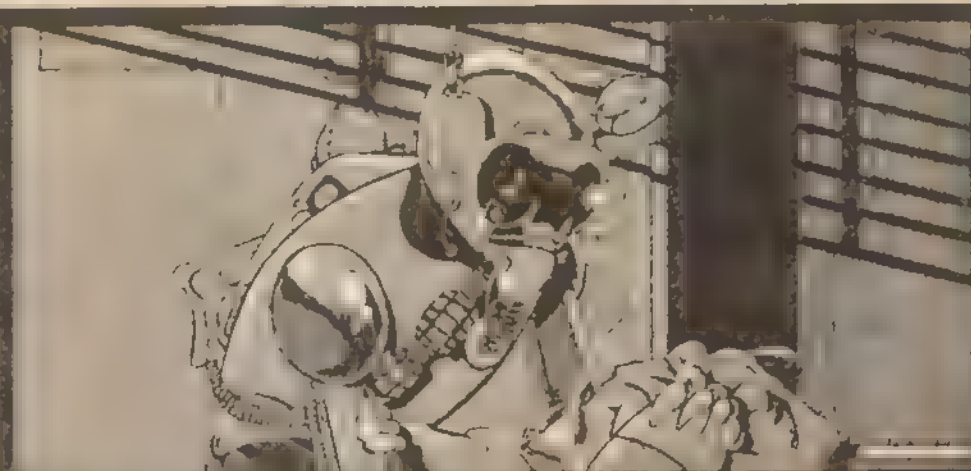
IT'S OVER! **FINISHED!** NOW I'M NOTHING MORE THAN A COUPLE HUNDRED POUNDS OF **SCRAP METAL!**



AND THE MAN WHO **CONQUERED** UNCLE SAMMY'S **KILLING MACHINE** LOOKS OVER ME **TRIUMPHANTLY!**

**KILLING MACHINE!** YEAH! THAT'S WHY THEY BUILT ME, TO **EXTERMINATE** IMPERFECT LIFE IN AN OVERPOPULATED WORLD AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID! **THEY BEING SAMMY'S SURGEONS!**

THAT'S WHY THEY HAD ME **KILL** MY OWN LITTLE GIRL...**SNEAKING** INTO HER ROOM...**QUIETLY SUFFOCATING** HER IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT!



AND THAT'S WHY THEY ORDERED ME TO **ACKNOWLEDGE** JIMMY'S IN ARLIN BUT HAPPY OLD WINO WHO NEVER KNEW WHAT **HIT** HIM!

THE MURDERS WERE **TESTS** THEY SAID. TESTS TO SEE IF THEIR **ONLY** BILLION DOLLAR MAN-MACHINE COULD CARRY OUT THE MISSIONS HE WAS **BUILT** FOR. TESTS OF **LOYALTY. SKILL!**

THE TWO-FACED MOTHERS **LIED** THROUGH THEIR TEETH!





IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OBVIOUS FROM THE START, WHY I WAS REALLY BUILT. WHAT THE NEWLY FORMED AND SECRET EXTERMINATOR FORCE WAS DOING WHILE I WAS OUT KNOCKING OFF OLD MEN AND LITTLE GIRLS!

BUT I WAS BLIND. TOO CONSUMED WITH SELF-PITY TO SEE BEYOND MY PLASTIC-ENCASED BRAIN!

EVEN AFTER I KILLED THE OLD MAN AND COMPLETED MY SECOND ASSIGNMENT FOR OUR TRIGGER-HAPPY "PUBLIC SERVANTS" I COULD THINK OF NOTHING BUT TOTAL OBEDIENCE!



MY JOB WAS DONE! TO BLAST AWAY THE ARMLESS OLD MAN, AND I WAS SUPPOSED TO RETURN TO EXTERMINATOR HEADQUARTERS, THE SAME WAY I CAME TO THIS RUN DOWN SLUM HOUSE... UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS AND WITH A "CLEVER" DISGUISE!

"YOUR EXISTENCE IS TO BE KEPT A SECRET FROM THE AMERICAN PEOPLE," THEY HAD TOLD ME! HELL, THAT WAS PRIORITY ORDER NUMBER ONE. AND I BLEW IT!

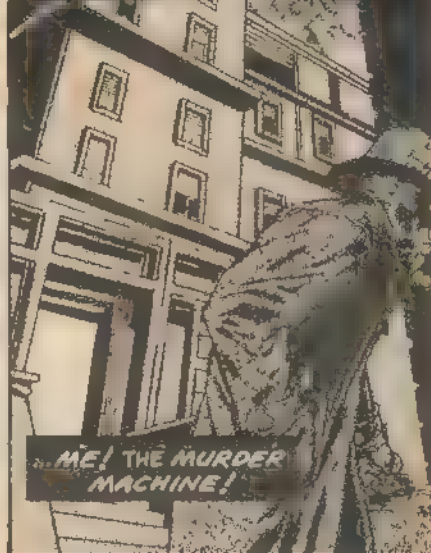


WHILE I WAS SHOOTING DOWN OLD JANGLES FROM A HOTEL WINDOW, SOME KID WITH A CANNON DISGUISED AS A PISTOL, STARTED FIRING AWAY AT ME!

HE BLASTED OFF THE BETTER PART OF MY RIGHT ARM!

IT COULD BE FIXED

WHAT COULDN'T BE FIXED WAS HIS MEMORY OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN.

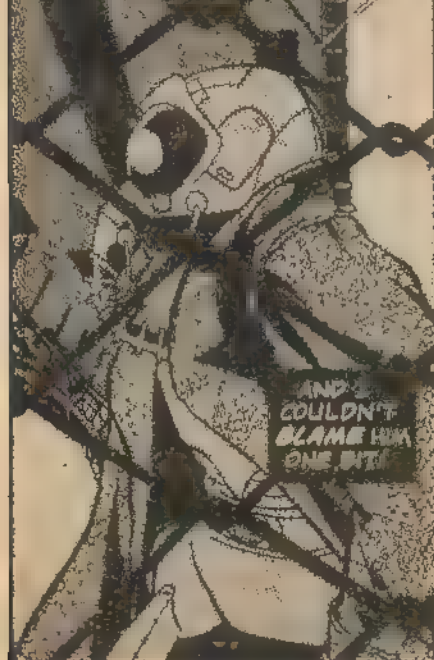


ME! THE MURDER MACHINE!

WHAT MADE MATTERS WORSE WAS THAT THE KID WAS A FRIEND OF JANGLES... THE OLD MAN I HAD TO KILL!

I KNEW HE'D BE WAITING FOR ME! COMING FOR ME, STALKING ME!

HE WANTED REVENGE!

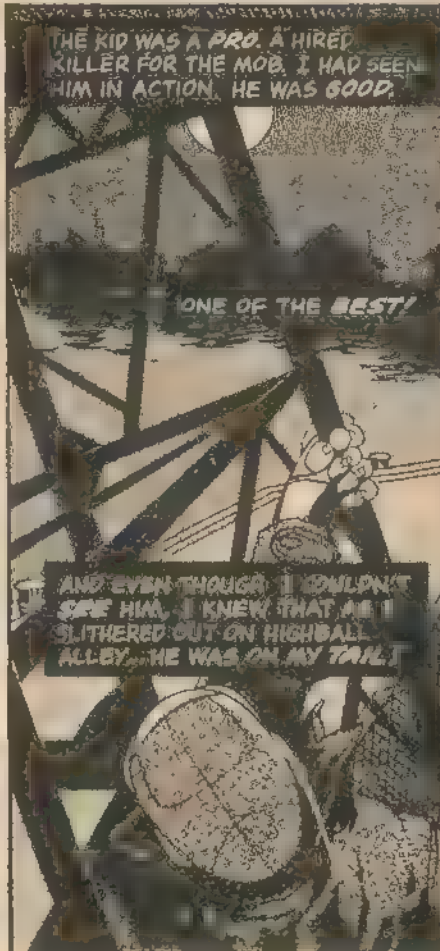


AND I COULDN'T BLAME HIM ONE BIT!

THE KID WAS A PRO. A HIRED KILLER FOR THE MOB. I HAD SEEN HIM IN ACTION. HE WAS GOOD.

ONE OF THE BEST!

AND EVEN THOUGH I COULDN'T SEE HIM, I KNEW THAT AS I SLITHERED OUT ON HIGHBALL ALLEY... HE WAS ON MY TAIL!



I'D STUCK TO THE SHADOWS, SLID THROUGH BACKSTREETS AND CLIMBED ONTO AN ELEVATED SUBWAY TRACK TO AVOID THE HUNTER I KNEW WAS BEHIND ME!

IN SHORT, I DID JUST AS THE EXTERMINATOR FORCE WOULD HAVE WANTED ME TO DO...





BUT WHEN I LOOKED BACK, I SAW THE KID! I HAD HEARD HIM CALLED **SLAUGHTER!**

AND LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF HIS MODIFIED M-16, I KNEW THAT HE HAD WELL EARNED HIS NAME!



FOUR IMPACT-SHATTERS LUGS RIPPED THROUGH MY METAL BODY SIMULTANEOUSLY!

TWO IN THE CHEST, A THIRD IN THE HIP, THE FOURTH RIPPED THE MUSCLE MECHANISMS OUT OF MY LEFT ARM!



HIS SPECIAL WEAPON WAS AWESOME! THE FORCE OF THE FOUR SLUGS ALONE TOPPLED ME FROM THE ELEVATED TRACKS...



AND SENT ME SPRAWLING THIRTY FEET TO THE GROUND.

SIX MONTHS AGO, I WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED THE FALL, LET ALONE SLAUGHTER'S BULLET BARRAGE.

BUT THEN, SIX MONTHS AGO, I WAS A MAN... NOT A MACHINE WITH A HUMAN BRAIN!

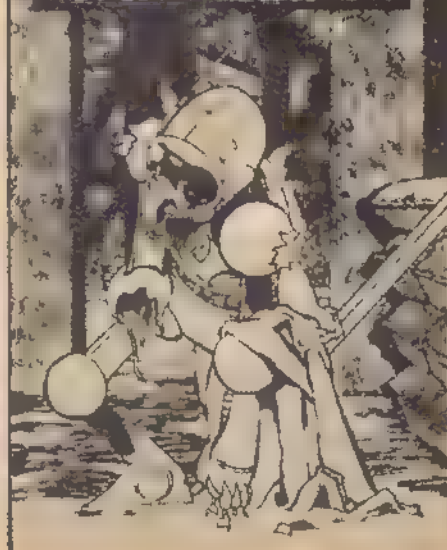


SLAUGHTER KNEW HIS PROFESSION WELL!

I LOOKED AT MY METAL BODY AS I PICKED MYSELF UP OFF THE GROUND, BLASTED, RIPPED, BULLET-RIPPEN.

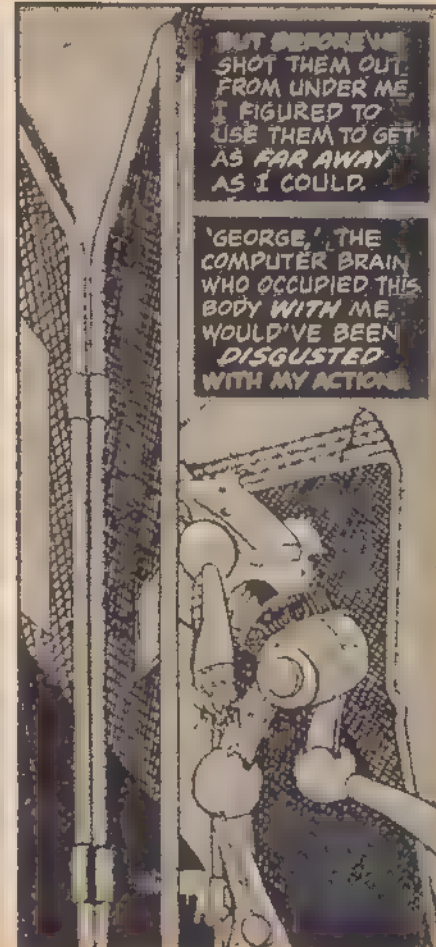
I HAD TWO ARMS THAT DIDN'T WORK NOW... THANKS TO SLAUGHTER, I COULD SEE WHAT HE WAS UP TO. CAT AND MOUSE.

HE'D GO FOR MY LIVES NOW!



BUT BEFORE I SHOT THEM OUT FROM UNDER ME, I FIGURED TO USE THEM TO GET AS FAR AWAY AS I COULD.

'GEORGE,' THE COMPUTER BRAIN WHO OCCUPIED THIS BODY WITH ME, WOULD'VE BEEN DISGUSTED WITH MY ACTION.





HE WOULD HAVE WHIRLED  
ON THE KID, AND STOMPED  
THE LIFE FROM HIM WITH  
THESE METAL CLOGS.

BUT 'GEORGE' WASN'T IN  
COMMAND NOW! I WAS  
PETER ORWELL... EX-CON  
EX-FATHER, EX-MAN!

AND PETER ORWELL WASN'T  
ABOUT TO KILL FOR THE  
EXTERMINATOR BOSSES!  
NOT WITHOUT AN ORDER.  
NOT WITHOUT THEM ORDERING  
THE KILL!

THEY'D ALREADY SQUEEZED  
THREE VICTIMS OUT OF ME.  
"KILL THEM HUMANLY."  
THEY'D SAID... "OR WE'LL  
SWITCH CONTROL OF YOUR  
BODY TO 'GEORGE', AND  
HE'LL RIP THE VICTIM  
APART!"



BUT 'GEORGE'  
WAS A HUNDRED  
MILES AWAY...  
"SLEEPING"  
SOUNDLY IN  
EXTERMINATOR  
HEADQUARTERS.



THE BEST THE EXTERMINATOR  
FORCE COULD DO WAS MONITOR  
ME! WATCH AS THEIR NUMBER  
ONE HIT MAN WAS STALKED BY  
A TOTALLY HUMAN KILLING  
MACHINE!

OH, WITH A LITTLE LUCK THEY  
MIGHT SEND HELP... IN THE  
FORM OF AN AGENT!



BUT THERE WAS NO WAY  
THE AGENT COULD ARRIVE  
IN TIME TO DO ANYTHING  
BUT SWEEP UP THE SCRAPS!

AND I WAS GLAD! FOR IF  
I COULD FAIL... HERE, NOW,  
THEN THIS CRAZY SCHEME OF  
KILLING PEOPLE WITH A  
METAL MAN MIGHT BE  
ABANDONED FOREVER.



AND OTHER CONS MIGHT BE  
SPARED THE LIVING HELL OF  
BEING TRAPPED IN A METAL  
AND PLASTIC CONTAINER  
FOR AN ETERNITY!

SO I RAN, AS WAS MY DUTY,  
BUT I KNEW SLAUGHTER  
WOULDN'T LET ME GET AWAY.



I ALMOST SCREAMED FOR  
JOY AS I FELT AN INCENDIARY  
SLUG BLOW AWAY A METAL  
KNEECAP!

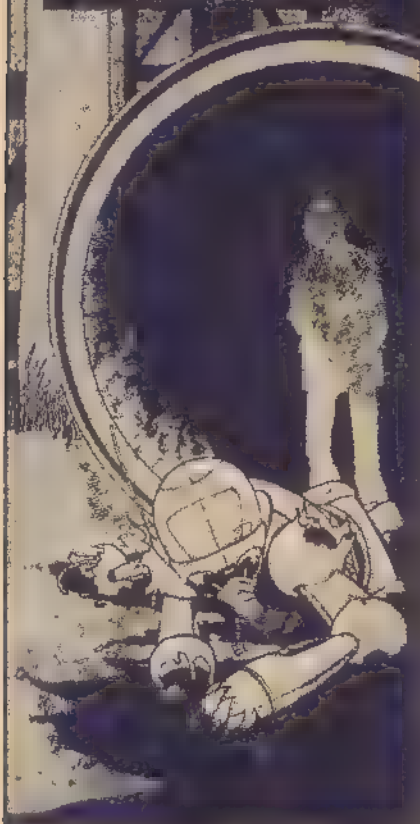
I FELL, AND CRAWLED  
CONTINUED TO FLEE... LIKE  
A WORM ON A METAL BELLY!

SLAUGHTER WAS RIGHT BEHIND  
ME! I COULD HEAR HIM SLOSHING





ONE LEG! THAT'S ALL I HAD LEFT TO PUSH ME OUT OF THE SLIMEY DRAINPIPE ONTO THE OPEN WHARF STREET.



SLAUGHTER CAME OUT WITH A HUGE WICKED GRIN SMEARED ACROSS HIS FACE!

HE WAS ENJOYING THE KILL, THE FEELING OF REVENGE.

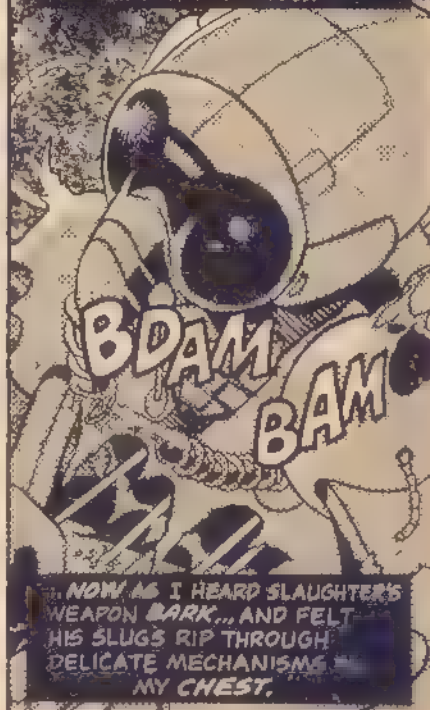
BUT THEN HE WAS A PROFESSIONAL. IN MIND AND BODY!



NOT LIKE ME!

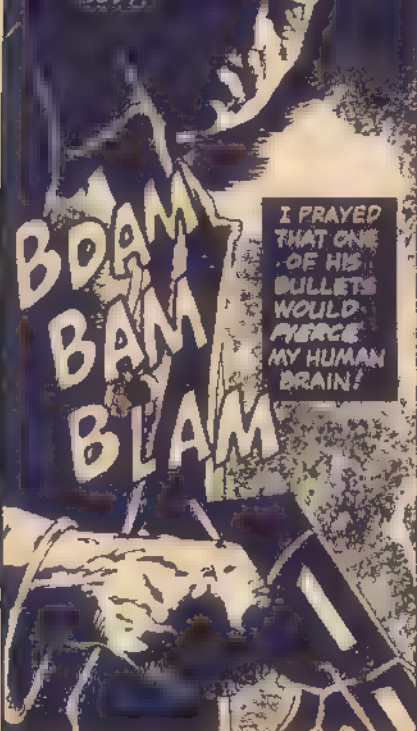
I NEVER ENJOYED MURDER! I'D SOONER HAVE TURNED ON THE MADMEN WHO CONTROLLED ME THAN THE HELPLESS VICTIMS THEY SENT ME AFTER!

FOR ME... THE ONLY SATISFACTION IN MY ENTIRE METAPLASTIC LIFE WAS NOW...



NOW AS I HEARD SLAUGHTER'S WEAPON BARK... AND FELT HIS SLUGS RIP THROUGH DELICATE MECHANISMS... MY CHEST.

HE STOOD, GLARING, HATEFULLY EMPTYING HIS WEAPON INTO MY BODY!



I PRAYED THAT ONE OF HIS BULLETS WOULD PIERCE MY HUMAN BRAIN!

BUT NONE DID!

SO I LAY THERE! BROKEN, EXPOSED. MY INSIDES SMOLDERING, A PILE OF RUBBLE.

RUBBLE WITH A STILL LIVING, FUNCTIONING BRAIN! A BRAIN THAT WOULD PROBABLY LIVE FOREVER UNLESS SLAUGHTER HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO KILL IT!



BUT HOW COULD HE EVEN KNOW!

A ROBOT, THAT'S WHAT HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT, HE WAS DESTROYING!

AND WITH MY VOCAL CHORDS BLOWN AWAY, THERE WAS NO WAY FOR ME TO TELL HIM OTHERWISE!



WITH MUSTERED STRENGTH, I JERKED SPASMODICALLY TO SHOW HIM THERE WAS STILL LIFE INSIDE THIS SHELL.

HE RESPONDED AS EXPECTED!



TO SLAUGHTER, IT WAS OVER!

BUT I WAS FAR FROM DEAD. MY BRAIN, IN ITS THICK CASING STILL FUNCTIONED MADLY SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO CONVEY THAT MESSAGE TO THE KILLER!

AND THEN I HEARD IT!

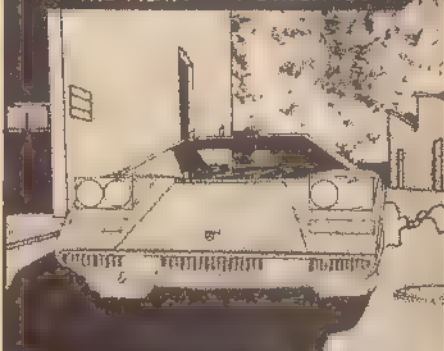


THE ROARING OF THE HIGH-POWERED CAR... THE SCREECHING OF BRAKING TIRES! AND I COULD SEE...

...IT WAS THE SAME CAR THE EXTERMINATOR FORCE GAVE ME ON MY FIRST MISSION!

SO THEY HAD TRACKED ME AFTER ALL! THEY KNEW WHAT THIS HUMAN KILLING MACHINE WAS DOING TO THEIR GREAT AND EXPENSIVE METAL MURDERER!

AND THEY'D SENT OUT THE REINFORCEMENTS.



I HALF EXPECTED SOME TWO-GUNNED SECRET AGENT TO STEP FROM THE VEHICLE FIRING AWAY!

...I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER!

IT WAS ANOTHER METAL MAN, LIKE ME. WITH SOME POOR JERKY EX-CON'S HUMAN BRAIN AT THE CONTROLS, NO DOUBT.

'HAH! MY "BROTHER" EXTERMINATOR TWO!



...WITH A HEAVY PREFERENCE!



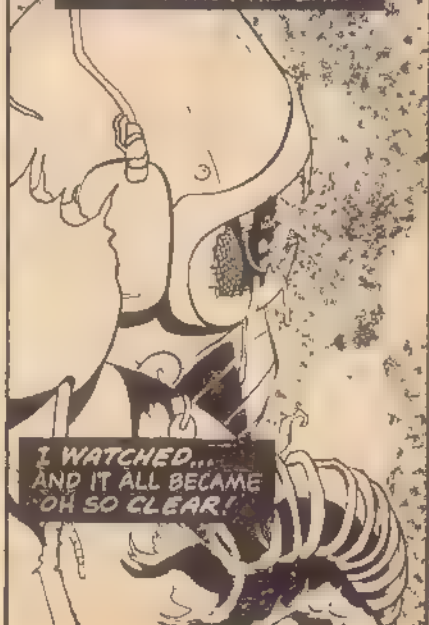
THEY'D MADE HIM BIGGER TOUGHER, THICKER, SKINNED. A VERITABLE TANK, GUIDED BY A MAN'S THINKING, FEELING, YES... COLD MIND!



HE FLASHED INTO SLAUGHTER AND THE KID FIRED BACK!

BUT HIS BULLETS WERE NO GOOD AGAINST THE ROBOT TANK! THEY BOUNCED OFF HIS THICK METAL HIDE, LEAVING SMALL, ALMOST UNNOTICEABLE DENTS!

AND I COULD DO NOTHING BUT WATCH AS THE HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSED HUMAN MET HIS END.



I WATCHED... AND IT ALL BECAME OH SO CLEAR!



THE EXTERMINATOR FORCE  
HAD LIED TO ME. USED ME

THEY HAD ME CONVINCED  
THAT I WAS THEIR FIRST  
AND ONLY KILLER-MACHINE

I WAS THEIR FIRST... THERE  
WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT  
BUT I WASN'T THE ONLY!

THEY'D MADE CONSIDERABLE  
ADJUSTMENTS FOR MY SHORT-  
COMINGS ON NUMBER TWO

HE WAS THEIR BABY!



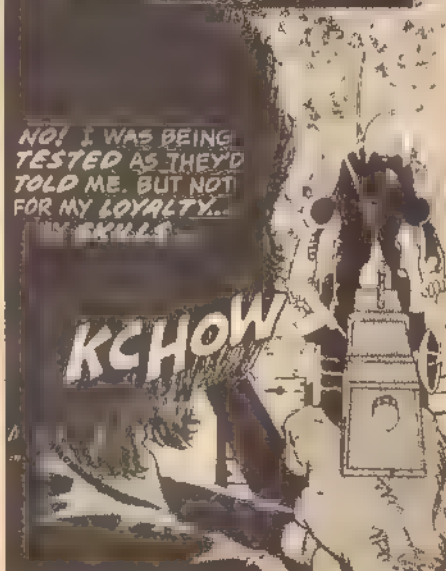
AND IT WAS OBVIOUS THEY  
HADN'T BUILT HIM TO KILL  
OLD MEN OR BABIES

IT SUDDENLY BECAME  
OBVIOUS THAT I WASN'T  
BUILT FOR THAT EITHER.

IT WAS IMPRACTICAL  
EXPENSIVE TO SPEND A  
BILLION DOLLARS ON A MAN-  
MACHINE, ONLY TO HAVE IT  
KILL A HAND-FULL OF  
SO-CALLED "IMPERFECT"  
CITIZENS.

NO! I WAS BEING  
TESTED AS THEY'D  
TOLD ME. BUT NOT  
FOR MY LOYALTY...  
MY SKILLS

KCHOW



THEY WERE TESTING ME  
AS THE PROTOTYPE TO  
BROTHER-TWO, HERE!

AND FROM THE LOOKS OF  
THE WAY THEY'D PUT HIM  
TOGETHER, THE EXTERMINATOR  
BOSSSES HAD BIG PLANS  
FOR HIM!

HIS JOB  
WASN'T JUST  
TO SAVE ME  
FROM  
SLAUGHTER!

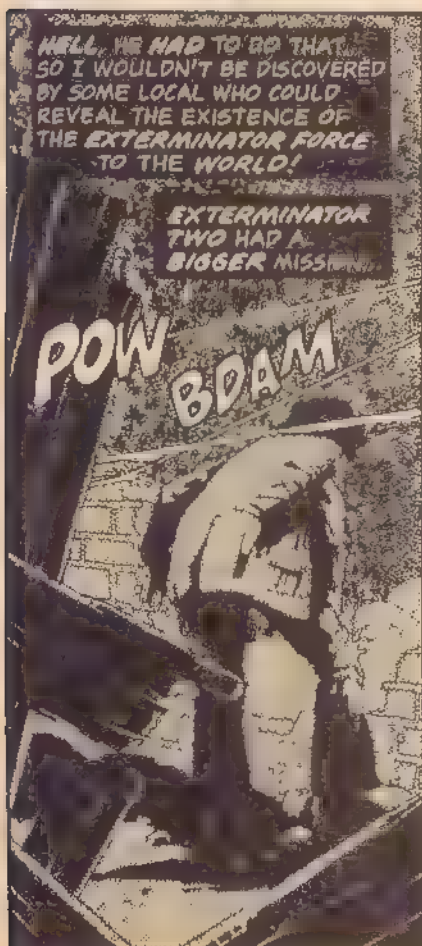
BDAM



HELL, WE HAD TO DO THAT  
SO I WOULDN'T BE DISCOVERED  
BY SOME LOCAL WHO COULD  
REVEAL THE EXISTENCE OF  
THE EXTERMINATOR FORCE  
TO THE WORLD!

EXTERMINATOR  
TWO HAD A  
BIGGER MISSION

POW  
BDAM

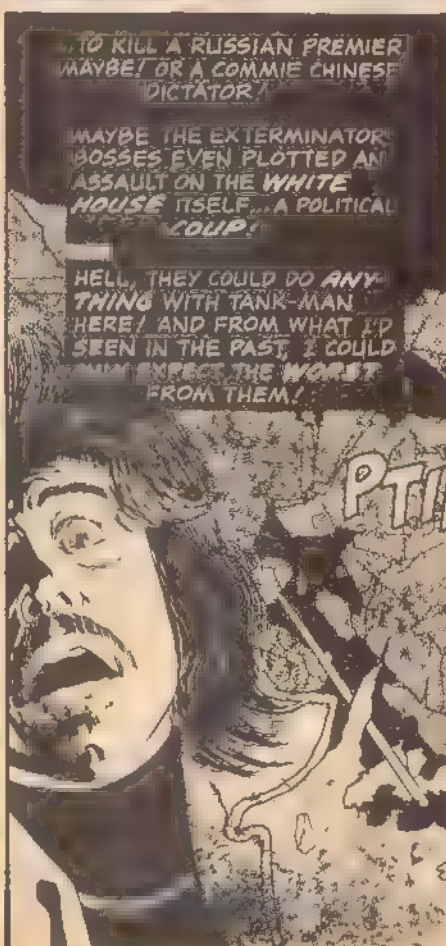


TO KILL A RUSSIAN PREMIER  
MAYBE! OR A COMMIE CHINESE  
DICTATOR!

MAYBE THE EXTERMINATOR  
BOSSSES EVEN PLOTTED AN  
ASSAULT ON THE WHITE  
HOUSE ITSELF... A POLITICAL  
COUP!

HELL, THEY COULD DO ANY-  
THING WITH TANK-MAN  
HERE! AND FROM WHAT I'D  
SEEN IN THE PAST, I COULD  
ONLY EXPECT THE WORST  
FROM THEM!

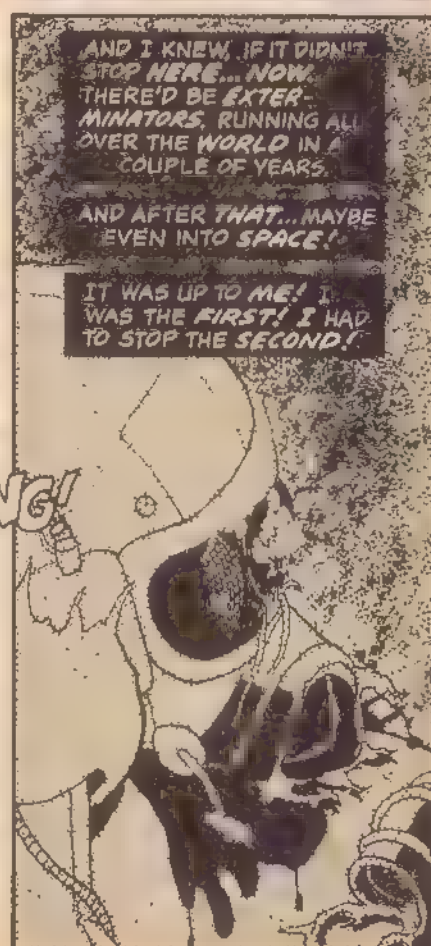
PTING!



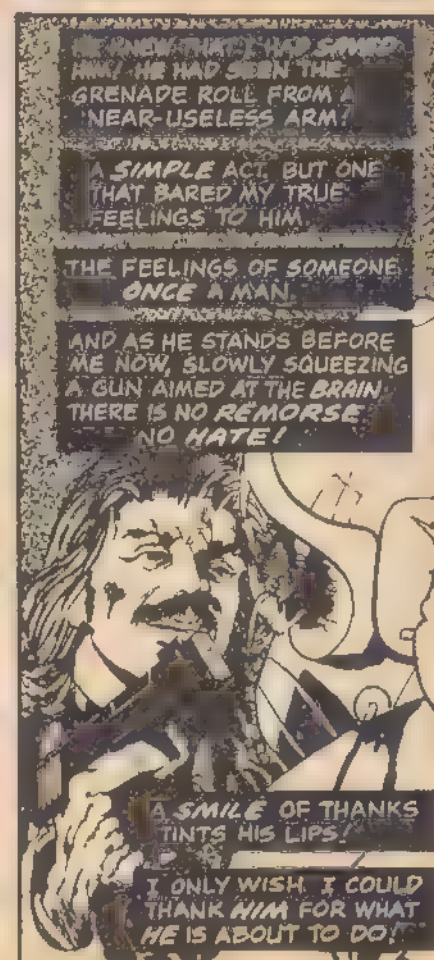
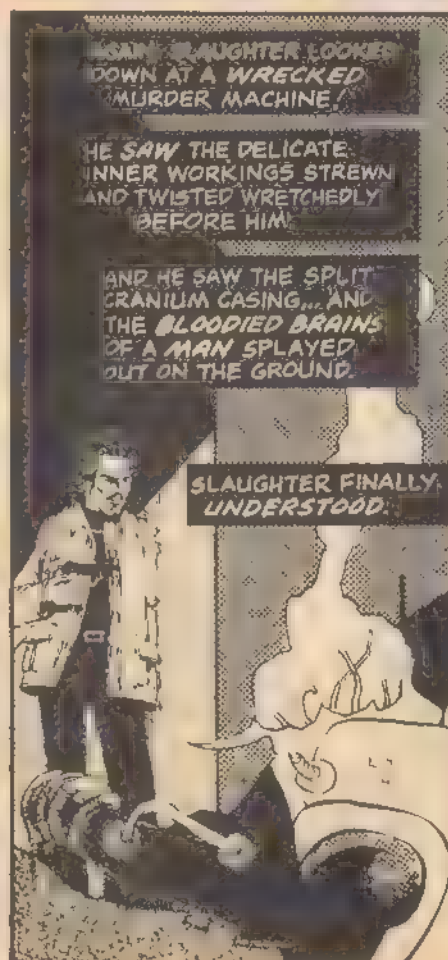
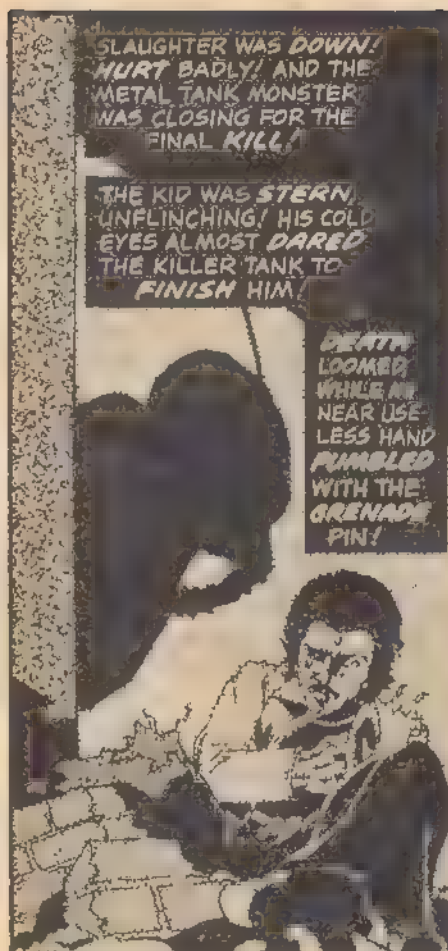
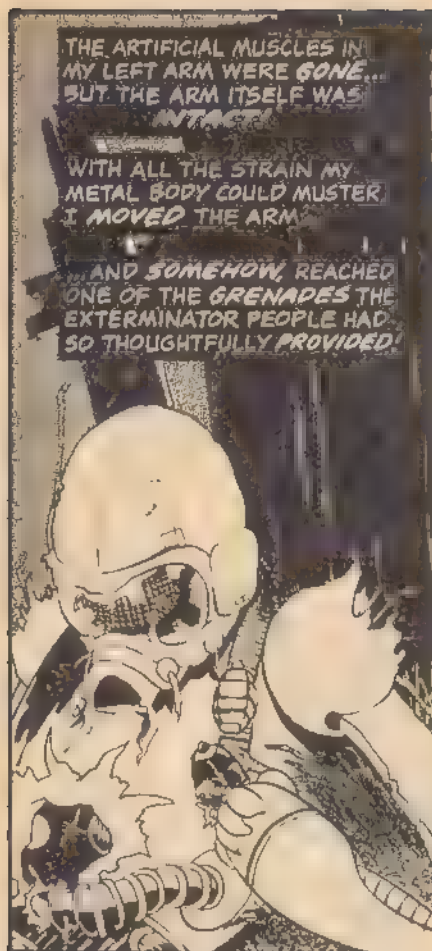
AND I KNEW, IF IT DIDN'T  
STOP HERE... NOW,  
THERE'D BE EXTER-  
MINATORS, RUNNING ALL  
OVER THE WORLD IN A  
COUPLE OF YEARS.

AND AFTER THAT... MAYBE  
EVEN INTO SPACE!

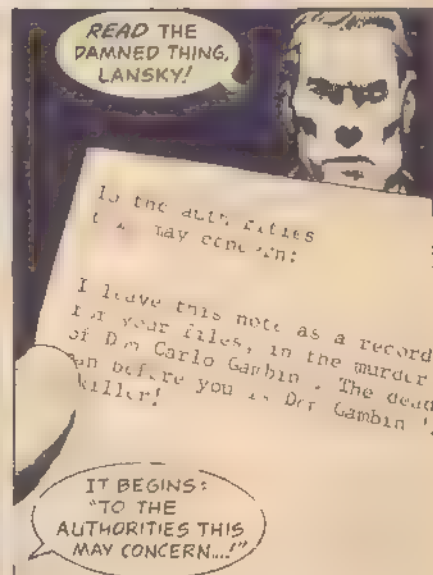
IT WAS UP TO ME! I  
WAS THE FIRST! I HAD  
TO STOP THE SECOND!











bye-bye  
miss american dream



You know how it all began...! How Carlo Gambino, the head of New Orleans' most powerful crime family, was assassinated on his deathbed by hired killers...



...and how the priest who was by his side was mutilated and left to die!



The priest recovered from his wounds, but not before a deadly gang war broke out, with Gambino's sons accusing the rival Ponti family of their father's death.



More than thirty men died in that street war, Hoods, Pimps, Killers. But the innocent died too. Among them, two girls were cut down when they were accidentally trapped between warring Gambino, Ponti soldiers.



Then two more bodies were found...nearly cut in two by a sawed-off shotgun. A third man was found with his brains splattered inside a church confessional...



...the church of the priest he helped mutilate...! The priest who became the outlaw/avenger the newspapers labeled THE BUTCHER!

They didn't even know who was behind it...! That it was all the master plan of one scheming Gambino brother, to become the crime king of both underworld families!



No place in the city was safe! Streets, Shops, Houses, Churches, Blood spilled everywhere. New Orleans was transformed into an outdoor slaughterhouse, And the police could do nothing to prevent it.



# THE BUTCHER

The war continued...for four long months. Gambino's men killed Ponti's men. Ponti soldiers retaliated, and the war escalated.

Truckloads of illegal Gambino booze were destroyed by Ponti.

Ponti "Houses of delight" were raided by Gambino.

Blood spilled like cheap liquor. And if either family had a slow day at the cemetery, I helped them along with a few contributions of my own.

And the gambling dens of both underworld families were prime targets for either.

And all the while, the newspapers and the American people ate up the gore like hungry cannibals, enthralled by the exploits of their vigilante/assassin hero...the figure they came to call... **THE BUTCHER**

**The New Orleans Times-Picayune**  
SERVING AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL GATEWAY SINCE 1837  
THURSDAY MORNING JAN 12 1933  
5 CENTS  
**CRAZED KILLER PRIEST RUMORED TO BE NOTORIOUS VIGILANTE**

**The New Orleans Times-Picayune**  
SERVING AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL GATEWAY SINCE 1837  
MONDAY MORNING JAN 10 1933  
5 CENTS  
**BUTCHER CONTINUES TO ELUDE POLICE, FEUDING MOBSTERS!**

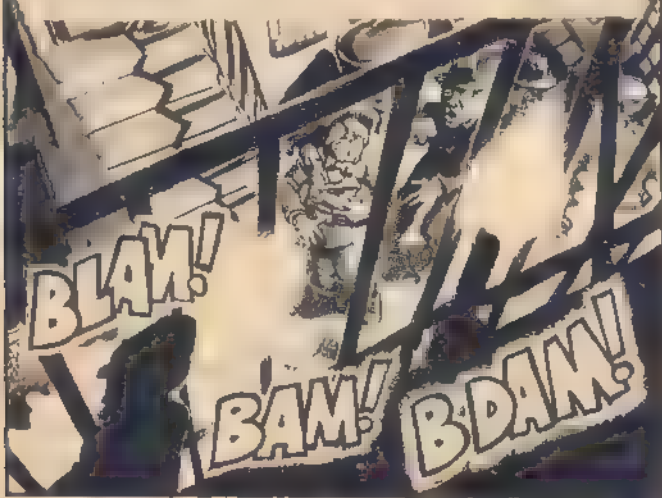
**KILLS THREE IN BACKSTREET SHOOTOUT**

**FIERCE UNDERWORLD FIGHTING CONTINUES AS GANG-WAR RAGES IN FOURTH MONTH**





Both gangs became edgy. Their ranks were rapidly dwindling. Not only were they killing each other off, but this "hired assassin" was eliminating their top men!



Both gangs, as well as the police, had orders to shoot on sight!



The streets literally crawled with hoods. Some local talent. Some imported from New York, Chicago and San Francisco.



Their prime directive was to destroy the op-position!



Word was out that there would be an extra bonus for the man who could get me as well!

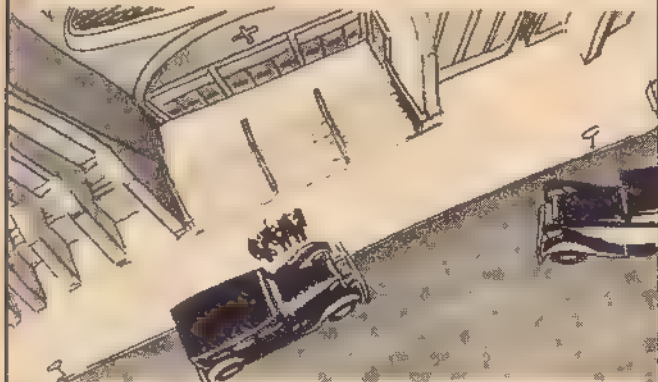


But no one even came close!



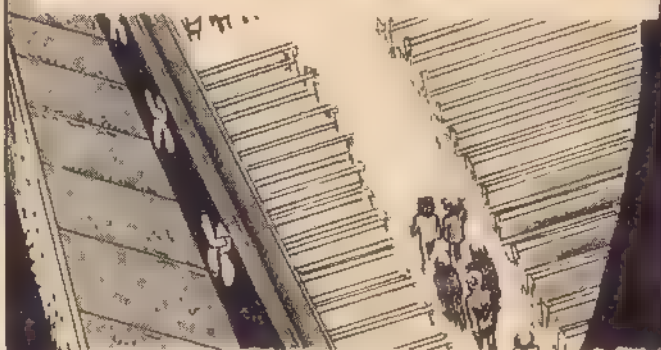


It wasn't long before the bosses of the feuding families weighed their losses, and decided that peace would be much more profitable than a continued war.



A meeting was set up on mutually safe ground. A quiet spot. Away from prying eyes...in Corpus Christi parish church. My church!

The top men from both families met. Unarmed. Ready for negotiations.



They were all there...Charlie Gambino, oldest son and acting head of the Gambino empire. His younger brothers, Harry and William. And Genovese Ponti, the Don...Godfather of all New Orleans' prostitution with his two sons, Vito and Michael.

They all played right into the hands of the Gambino brother who had set up...started the entire war, by having his own father killed.



The brother who, even now, bided his time until the truce was signed, linking the two families forever...!

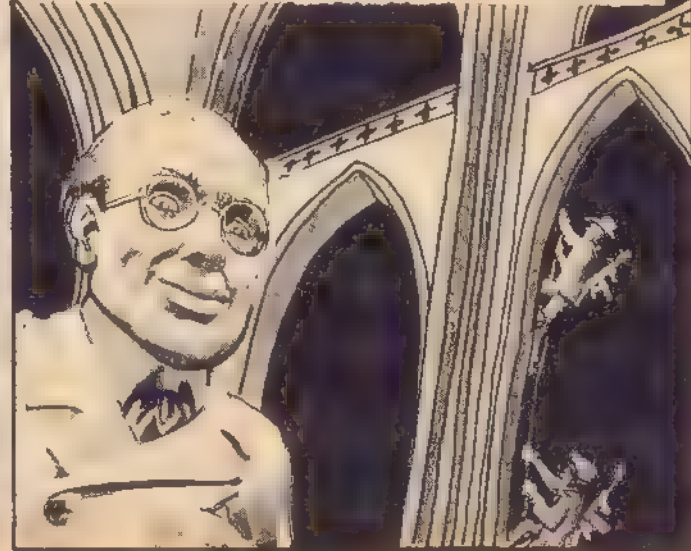
The brother who gave the signal, even before the ink was dry on the document, to his two gunmen in the rafters...



...to spray the church, and leave no one left alive....!



When it was over, the new don...Harry Gambino, emerged as crime czar of the city's new united underworld families.





At last Harry had what he wanted. Money. Power. Respect. Something he had never dared hope for. And all he had to do for it was to murder his father and two brothers!



Harry knew, that as the youngest Gambino brother he would have to wait until his two brothers were dead before he could inherit the throne his father had vacated.



He also knew that to keep power, once it was his, he had to eliminate the competition,,the Penti family.



So Harry used both sides to his advantage.



And in the end, made sure there were no witnesses who could testify to his rapid rise to power!





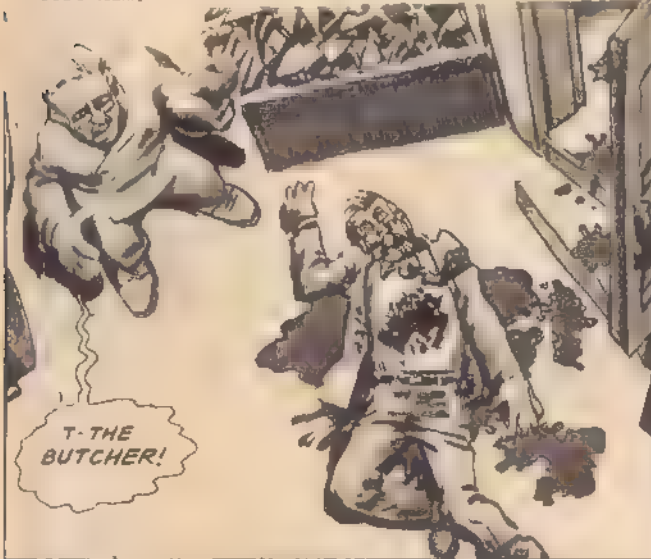
Brother Harry was secure in his new job as New Orleans crime king...for all of about an hour!



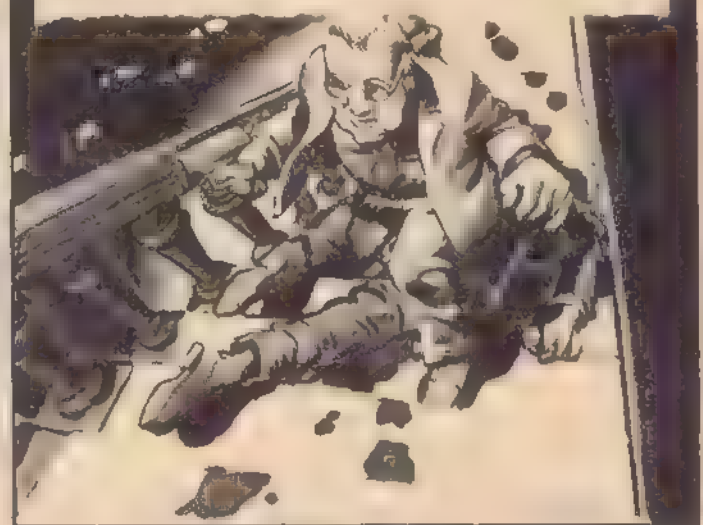
It took him that long to reach home...



...and to realize that I had gotten there before him.



Harry knew where I'd be. And he knew that either he had to kill me now...or lose every-thing, including his newly gained empire!



He burst into his study blasting...



...and emptied his gun into an empty chair!





Harry never got another chance to attack...!



I slashed his face as his hired hoods had sliced mine!

Then laughed deep inside as I watched him plead...cry like a whimpering child...for mercy.



...a mercy I could never feel!

I stood there for minutes...staring at the gore that was once Harry Gambino. And I realized that I had enjoyed what I had done. All the killing. The maiming. The hurt.



It had started off as simple protection. Protection of my innocent parishioners, who would have been hurt or killed by these rampaging gangsters. At least, that's what I told myself in the beginning. Everyone knew, the law couldn't touch these mobsters. Only a vigilante could.

But I know better than that now. It had nothing to do with the shepherd protecting his flock. My motive...my justification for slaughter was far simpler than that!

It was revenge!



My human...animal feelings had taken over. And I lashed out at those who had hurt me...stooped to their level. All my training, my faith had been for naught. I had learned how to love... to forgive in God's name. And in the end, I failed Him!

No. The answer isn't love. But it isn't slaughter either. For where does the slaughter stop? With these gangsters and thieves? Or will we have to butcher every kid who steals a candy bar? No, slaughter isn't the answer.

I don't know what the answer is. I only know that I must find it for myself. And I will not find it as...

*The Butcher*

WELL  
I'LL BE  
DAMNED!

SHOULD  
I PUT OUT AN  
APB ON THE  
PRIEST,  
LIEUTENANT?

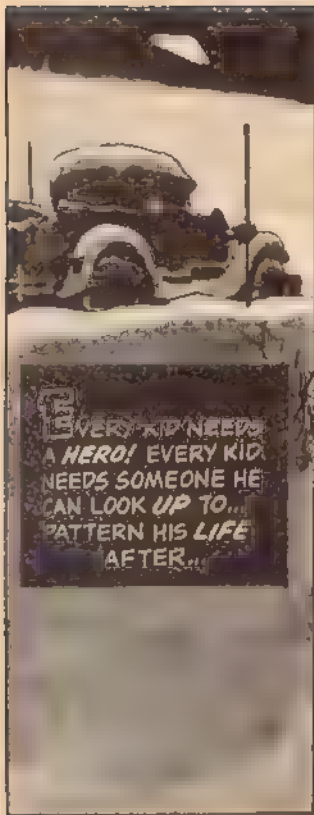
NO... I  
DON'T THINK  
SO, LANSKY.

IN A WAY, THE  
MAN HAS DONE US A  
SERVICE. HE'S ALREADY  
SUFFERED MORE THAN  
ANYONE HAS A RIGHT TO.  
LET'S LEAVE IT GO.

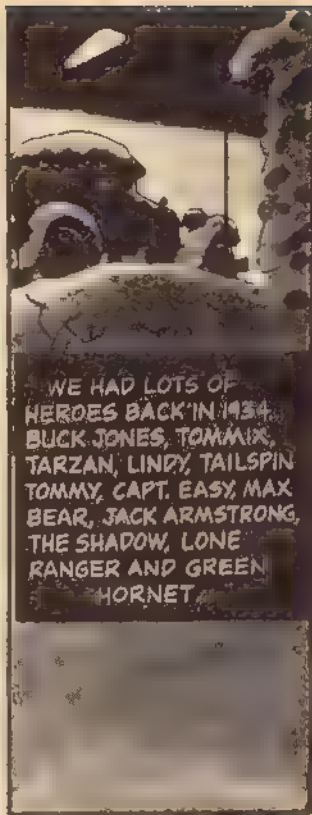
AS FAR AS THE  
WORLD IS CONCERNED,  
THE BUTCHER *DIED*  
HERE TONIGHT!

WE OWE  
HIM THAT  
MUCH!

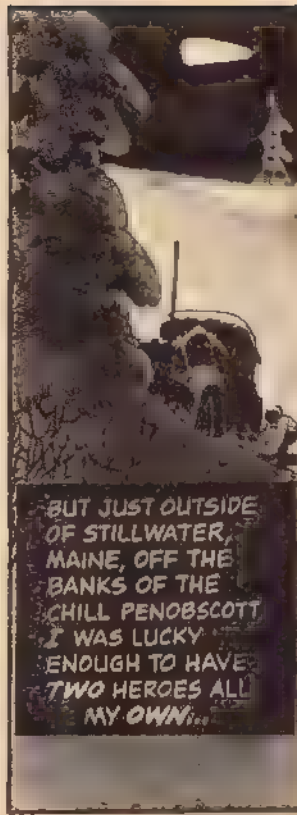




EVERY KID NEEDS  
A HERO! EVERY KID  
NEEDS SOMEONE HE  
CAN LOOK UP TO...  
PATTERN HIS LIFE  
AFTER...



WE HAD LOTS OF  
HEROES BACK IN 1934.  
BUCK JONES, TOMMIX,  
TARZAN, LINDY, TAILSPIN  
TOMMY, CAPT. EASY, MAX  
BEAR, JACK ARMSTRONG,  
THE SHADOW, LONE  
RANGER AND GREEN  
HORNET.



BUT JUST OUTSIDE  
OF STILLWATER,  
MAINE, OFF THE  
BANKS OF THE  
CHILL PENOBSCOTT  
I WAS LUCKY  
ENOUGH TO HAVE  
TWO HEROES ALL  
MY OWN...



TWO OF THE  
BIGGEST,  
BRAVEST  
LEGENDS  
EVER TO WALK  
GOD'S GREEN  
EARTH!

# DADDY AND THE PIE

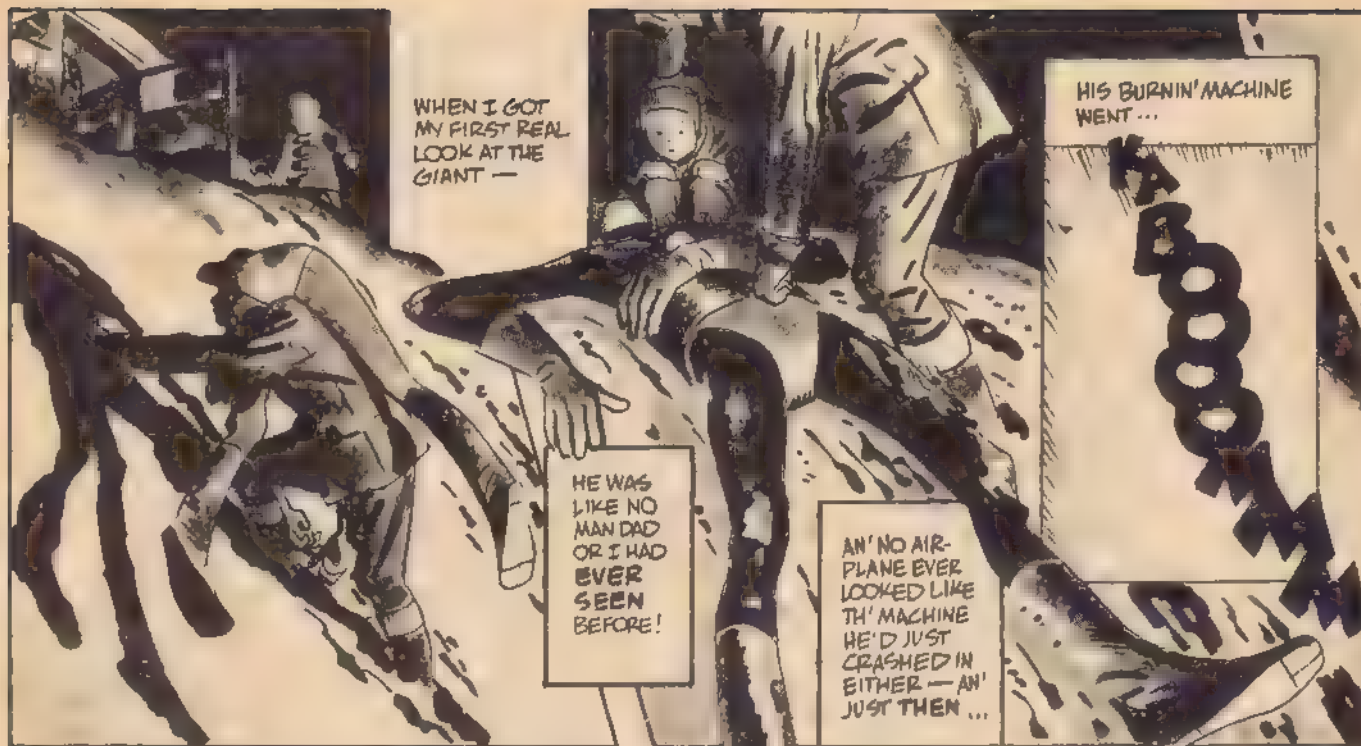
THIS HERE'S THE  
TRUE STORY OF  
MY DADDY...AND  
THE BIG BLUE  
GIANT WHO WE  
CAME TO KNOW  
AS THE PIE!



H-HE'S  
HURT BAD,  
SON! STAY  
BACK....!

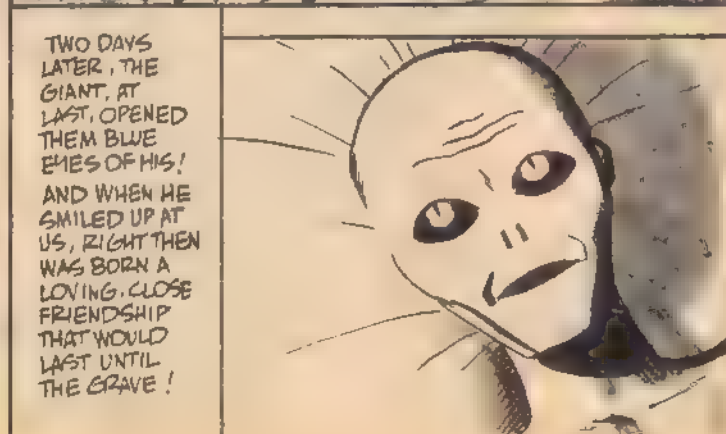
ALEX  
TOJH





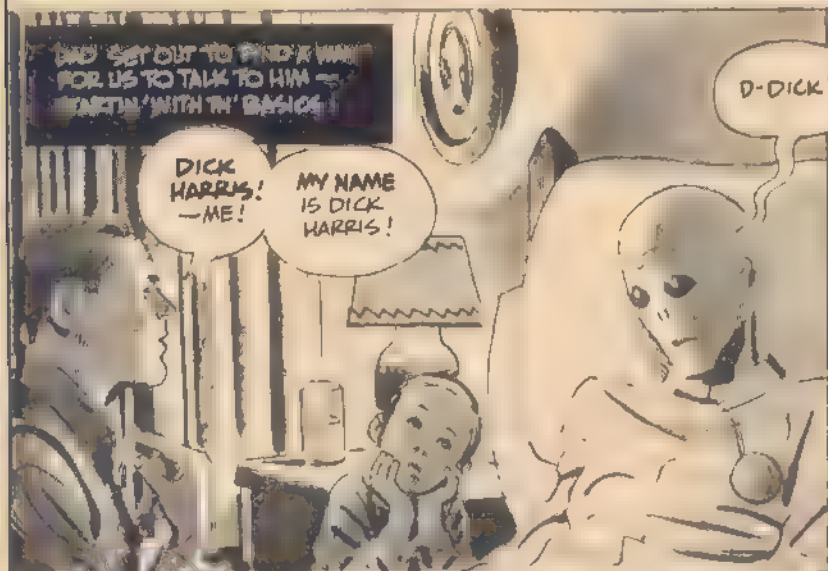
DAD DIDN'T SAY MUCH, 'CEPTIN' THAT, NO MATTER WHAT THE BIG MAN LOOKED LIKE, HE WAS HURT — AND AS CREATURES OF GOD, IT WAS OUR DUTY TO HELP HIM — SO WE DROVE HIM HOME WITH US!

MOM WAS AS SCARED OF TH' GIANT AS I WAS

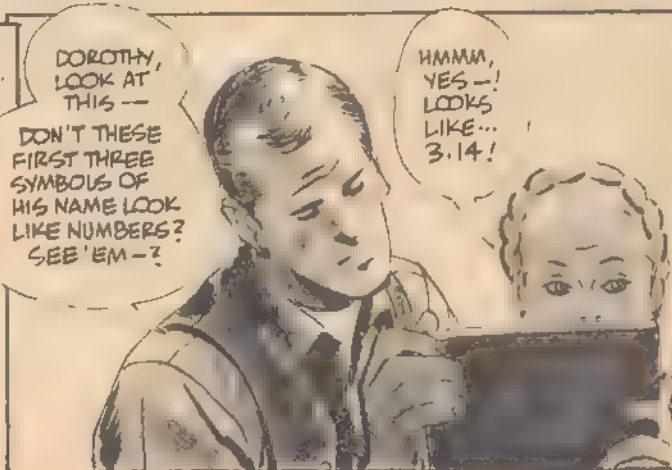
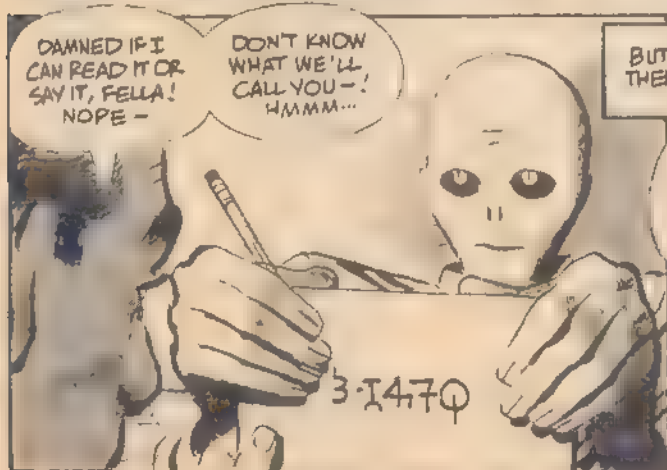




WHILE OUR GIANT GUEST WAS GETTIN' ALL WELL AGAIN, DAD DISCUSSED OUR PROBLEMS — NOT ONLY WAS THE STRANGE MAN DIFFERENT-LOOKING THAN US ALL — HIS LANGUAGE WAS DIFFERENT, TOO! ENGLISH WAS TOTALLY USELESS TO US!



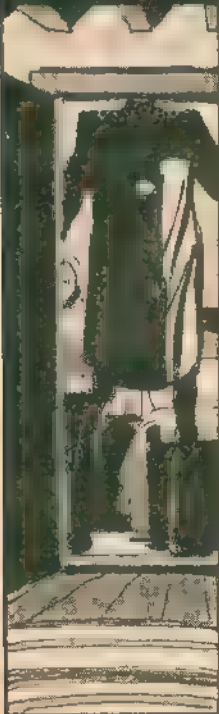
WE TRIED TO MAKE IT SIMPLE FOR US — EVEN WROTE DOWN WHAT WE FIGURED HAD TO BE HIS NAME! ANOTHER PROBLEM —



THE BIG BLUE GIANT SMILED, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, LAUGHED WITH US — SEEMING TO LIKE HIS NICKNAME ALMOST AS MUCH AS WE DID —! PIE!



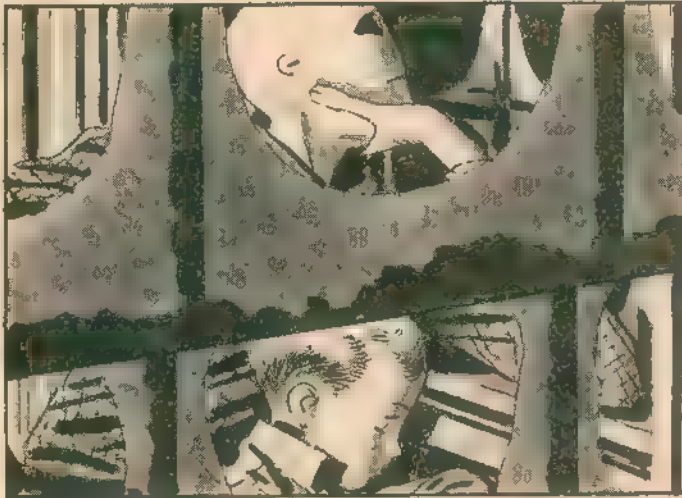
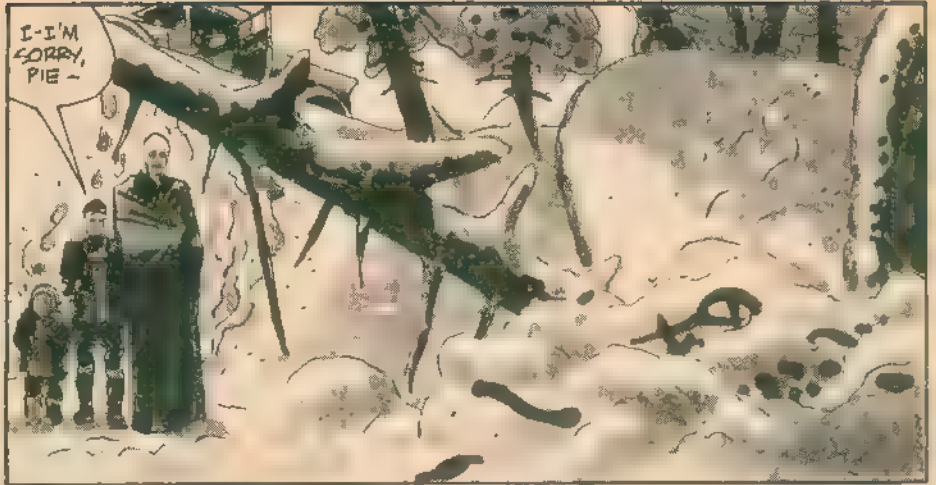
WHEN PIE WAS WELL ENOUGH TO WALK, HE'D LEARNED OUR LANGUAGE'S BASICS, TOO ENOUGH TO TALK TO US AND UNDERSTAND SHORT, TERSE SENTENCES.



THE FIRST THING HE ASKED TO DO WAS TO VISIT THE MACHINERY WE HAD COME DOWN IN — BUT THERE WAS LITTLE LEFT OF IT AFTER THE FIRE — JUST A MASS OF TWISTED, MELTED METAL — HE WAS VERY SAD!

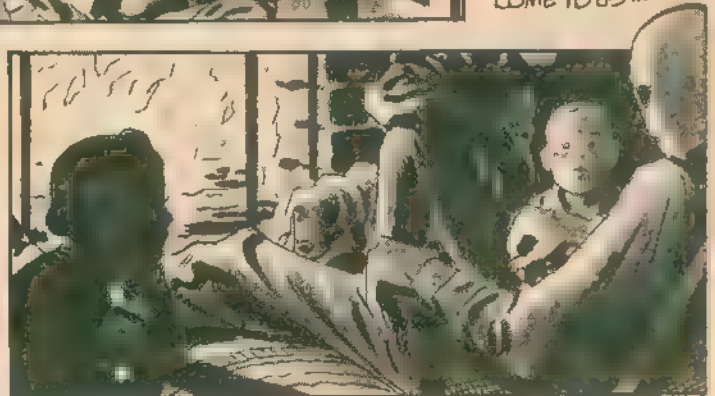
DAD SAID HE LOOKED LIKE A BIG LOST CHILD! I DIDN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT DAD MEANT BY THAT UNTIL, ONE NIGHT, PIE TOLD ME THAT HE "COULD NEVER GO HOME AGAIN!" I WEPT — I THINK HE DID, TOO!

I-I'M SORRY, PIE —

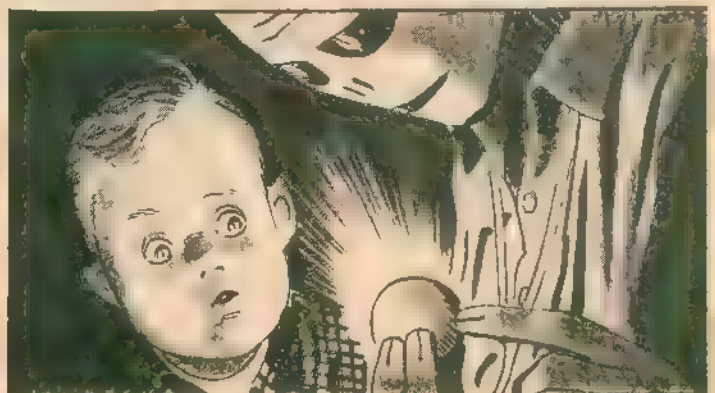


PIE BECAME AN ADOPTED MEMBER OF OUR FAMILY! MOM MADE HIM WORK CLOTHES WHILE HE AND DAD STUDIED AND TALKED FOR HOURS EVERY NIGHT OVER SOME FUNNY 'BLACK MAPS' AND BOOKS THAT DAD GOT FOR PIE DOWN AT THE TOWN LIBRARY —! DAD TOLD US THAT PIE HAD COME TO US ...

"... FROM A FARAWAY PLACE IN THE SKY! FROM A STAR WE CALLED 'CASSIOPEIAE' — PIE CALLED IT BY ANOTHER NAME! MOM, DAD, AND I COULDN'T PRONOUNCE EITHER ONE, FOR SURE! HE WAS AN EXPLORER OF SPACE, AN OBSERVER OF OUR EARTH — HE WASN'T TO LAND HERE, BUT HIS CRASH FIXED THAT — AND WE FOUND HIM THEN!



PIE TOLD US WONDERFUL STORIES ABOUT HIS WORLD AND ITS SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, STRUCTURES — AND OF POWERFUL SHIPS THAT CARRIED WHOLE CITIES OUT INTO SPACE — BUT NOW HE'D NEVER SEE ANY OF THAT AGAIN! EVERYTHING HE HAD WAS GONE — ALL HE HAD LEFT WAS HIS ... 'GADGET' ...!





ONCE PIE SHOWED US HOW HIS 'GADGET' WORKED -- THE TIME HUNTERS MISTOOK OLD MR. THATCHER FOR A DEER AND PUT A BULLET IN HIS LEG --



THE WOUND LOOKED BAD, BUT PIE SAID HE'D FIX IT -- AND, THEN, A FUNNY GREEN LIGHT FROM THE 'GADGET' PULLED THAT BULLET RIGHT OUT OF THE LEG -- AND CLOSED THE WOUND!!



PIE SAID THE 'GADGET' COULD DO ALMOST ANYTHING -- THAT IT AMPLIFIED THOUGHTS -- AND MADE THEM A REALITY!



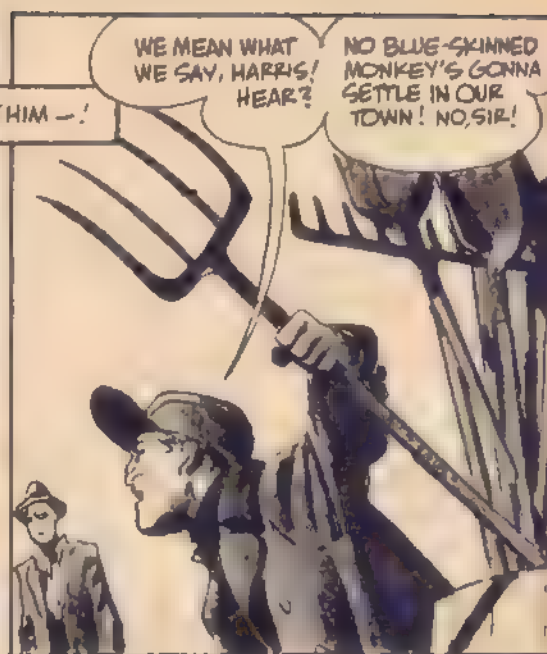
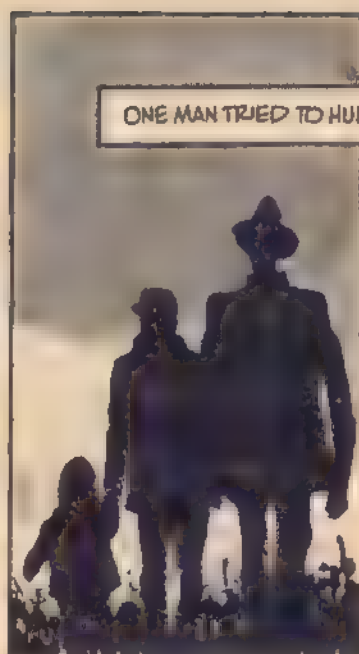
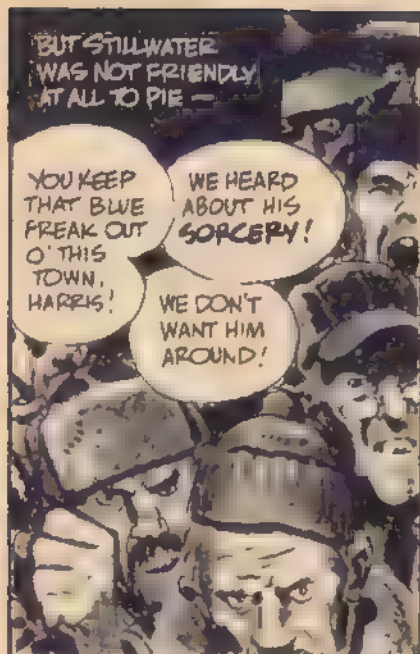
AFTER THAT, WORD ABOUT PIE SPREAD THROUGH TOWN --! MR. THATCHER TOLD US THAT FOLKS WERE SPOOKED UP OVER PIE'S 'MIRACLE BULLETWOUND HEALING CURE', BUT DAD PAID 'EM NO MIND AT ALL! AND HE AND PIE WENT ABOUT THE CHORES, AS USUAL -- PIE HAD MANY HANDY TRICKS FOR BETTER FARMING AND HOW TO MAKE OUR MACHINES RUN MORE EFFICIENTLY!



ONE DAY, WHEN DAD DROVE INTO TOWN FOR SUPPLIES PIE WENT WITH HIM -- HE WANTED TO SEE WHAT A TOWN LOOKED LIKE --



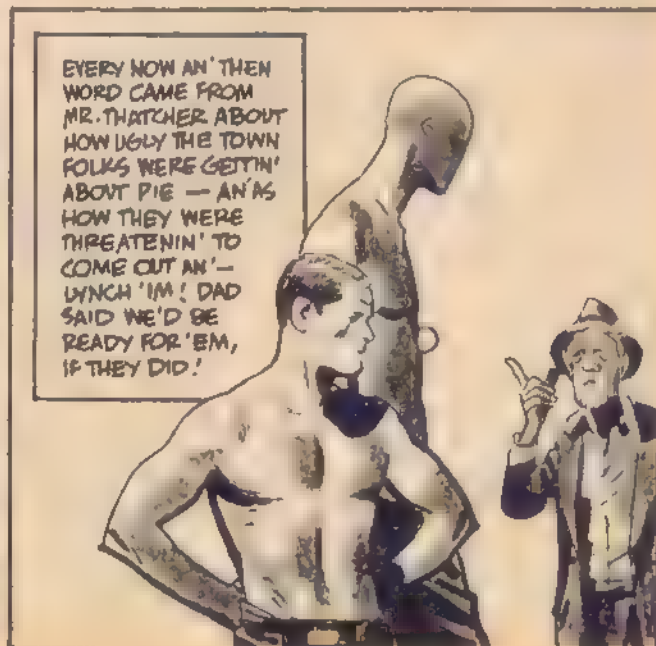




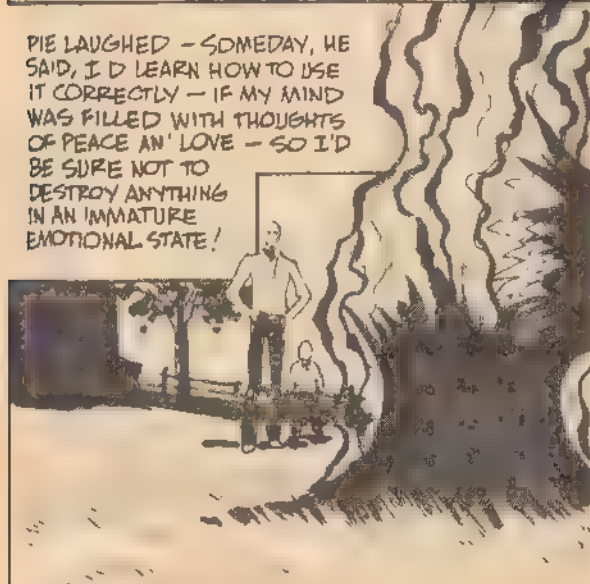
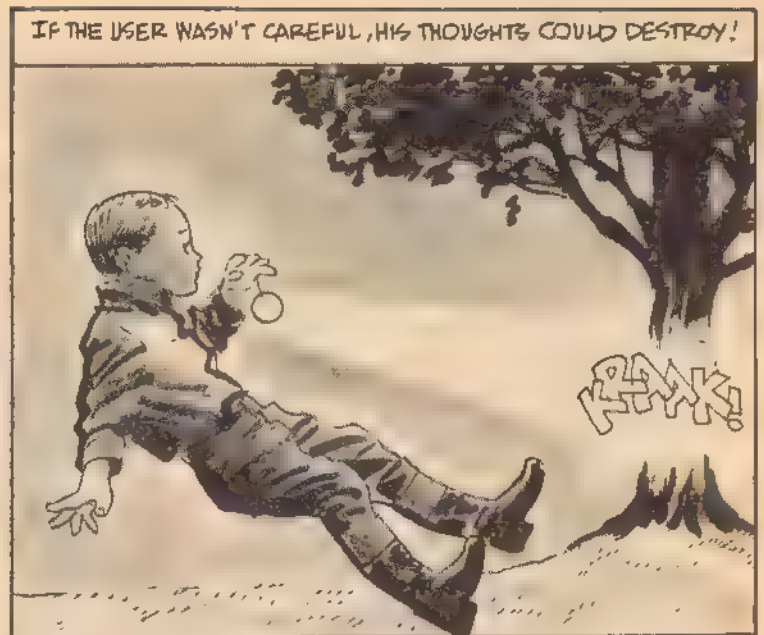
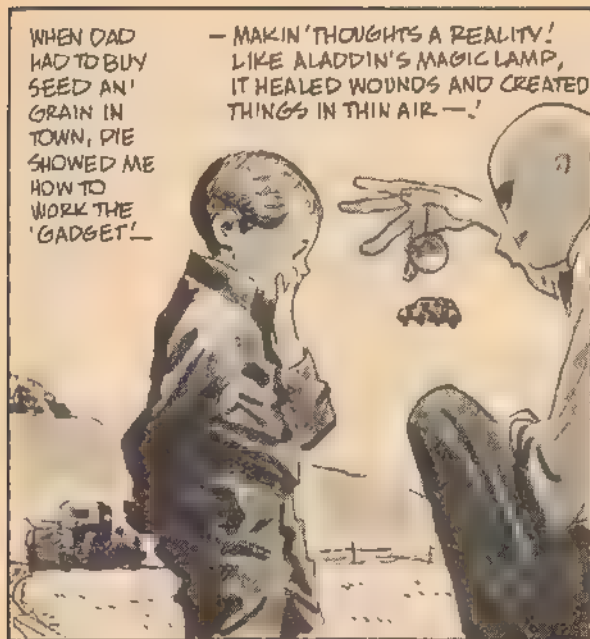
PIE WAS A MAN OF PEACE — BUT NOBODY COULD GET CLOSE TO HIM — UNLESS HE WANTED 'EM TO — LIKE THEN!



DAD TRIED TO EXPLAIN, TO THE PUZZLED PIE, ABOUT PREJUDICE, FEAR AND HATRED — BUT PIE JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD ...







I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT — DADDY WAS LATE COMIN' HOME FROM TOWN! WE ALL WORRIED! MOM SAID IT WASN'T LIKE HIM TO BE LATE —! WE WAITED, AND WAITED —



THEN WE SAW OL' NEIGHBOR THATCHER HUFFIN' N' PUFFIN' UP TO TH' HOUSE! WE THEN KNEW SOMETHIN' MUST'VE HAPPENED TO DAD —



HE TOLD HOW TH' MEN IN TOWN HAD CORNERED DAD AN' BEAT HIM — BECAUSE OF OUR PIE!



PIE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND — BUT, AS TEARS WELLED UP IN HIS EYES, HE SAID HE KNEW WHAT HE HAD TO DO! HE'D HELP HIS FRIEND — MY DAD —

HE PUT ON HIS OL' PATCHED UP FLIGHT SUIT — AND HIS 'GADGET' — NOW WE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS THAT HE MEANT TO DO — AND WE FEARED FOR HIM!

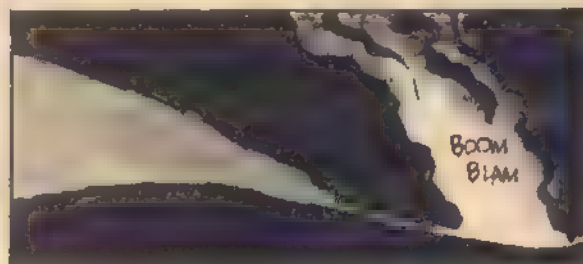




FEARED THAT HE  
MIGHT NEVER SEE  
HIM AGAIN — EVEN  
TODAY, FOLKS TALK  
ABOUT

— HOW HE WALKED INTO  
TOWN TO FIND DAD AN'  
TH' MEN WHO HURT HIM!

NO ONE WOULD HELP PIE, OR TELL HIM ANYTHING — HIS RAGE  
GREW — UNTIL, AS A LAST RESORT, HE BLASTED THE SALOON,  
DRUGSTORE, AN' TOWNHALL — ONLY THEN DID THE PEOPLE  
TELL HIM TH' NAMES OF DAD'S ATTACKERS —



PIE'S RAMPAGE THAT NIGHT NEARLY DESTROYED  
THE HOME OF EVERY MAN GUILTY OF HURTIN' DAD,  
WHILE WE WATCHED, LISTENED, WAITED — AND  
PRAYED THAT BOTH DAD AN' PIE WOULD COME HOME!



IT WAS NEAR SUN-UP WHEN  
PIE, HURT AND STAGGERING  
WITH DAD IN HIS ARMS, CAME  
INTO VIEW — HE LOOKED  
LIKE THE STRONGEST AN'  
BRAVEST HERO ANYONE  
HAD EVER SEEN —



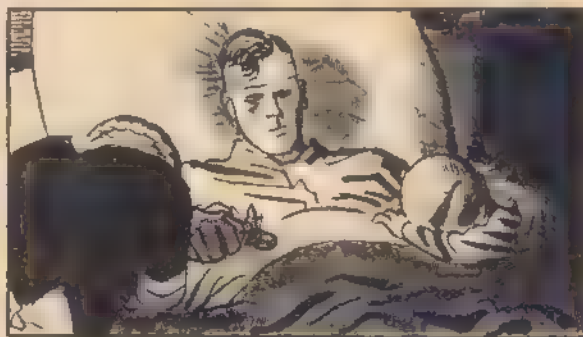
TEARS BURNED MY EYES AS  
MOM AND I RAN TO PIE AN'  
DAD — AN' THEN, PIE, AS IF  
PUSHED PAST TH' LIMITS  
OF HIS ENDURANCE.. FELL!



PIE'S WOUNDS TOLD OF HIS FIERCE FIGHT IN TOWN...



TWO WEEKS LATER, DAD WAS ABLE TO SIT UP IN BED...



WHERE WAS PIE, HE ASKED — MOM HAD TO TELL HIM  
HOW HE'D DIED — AN' HOW WE BURIED HIM! WE ALL  
CRIED THEN —! FOR OUR PIE! WHAT I DID  
WITH PIE'S 'GADGET', IN LATER YEARS, IS QUITE  
ANOTHER STORY...

END/



# THE SPOOK

and Crackermeier

## The Caul

1843 FOUND THE BLACK WOODSMAN CRACKERMEIER IN THE LAND OF MAGIC... DARKEST AFRICA!

A LITTLE OLDER, A LITTLE WISER, A LITTLE GRAYER AROUND THE TEMPLES, HE LINGERED HERE LONG, GATHERING IN THE ANCIENT SECRETS OF HIS BLACK BROTHERS' HERITAGE:



BORN IN LOUISIANA, A FREE MAN, HE DRESSED AND ACTED MORE LIKE A WHITE, THAN A COLORED.

BUT IT STILL SICKENED HIM AS HE WATCHED BLACK KINGS BARTER AWAY THE LIVES OF THEIR FELLOW TRIBESMEN FOR MOCK WEALTH IN BEADS, SILK AND A WHITE TRADER'S FRIENDSHIP.



HEY NOW!  
WHAT'S THAT  
ANIMAL DOING IN  
WHITE MEN'S  
CLOTHES?

WE OUGHT  
TO LEARN  
THESE BLACK DOGS  
NOT TO  
STEAL!



THE GENTLE GIANT KNEW THERE WAS LITTLE HE ALONE COULD DO TO HALT THE TRAFFIC IN EBONY BODIES, SO HE COMFORTED HIS BROTHERS AS BEST HE COULD. THE CROSSING OF THE SEA TO AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND WOULD BE A TERROR-TRAUGHT JOURNEY, BUT CRACKERMEIER, THE WOODOO MAN, WOULD BE THERE TO HELP THEM, HE THOUGHT!





WHAT D'YA  
THINK YOU'RE  
DOING THERE,  
NIGGER  
CHARLIE?

AIN'T  
NO ONE  
ALLOWED  
TO FEED  
THE  
ANIMALS!



SO BEAT IT,  
BEFORE WE SKIN  
YOUR BLACK HIDE  
AND STRIP THOSE  
STOLEN CLOTHES  
OFF YOUR  
CARCASS!

LOOK AT  
THAT BLACK  
APE, STANDIN'  
THERE DUMB.  
HE AIN'T GOT NO  
IDEA WHAT  
WE'RE EVEN  
SAYIN'!



YOU SPILLED MY WATER,  
MAN THAT WASN'T NICE!  
NOW I SUGGEST YOU  
APOLOGIZE...

...BEFORE I  
SKIN YOUR  
WHITE HIDE,  
LIL' MONKEY!

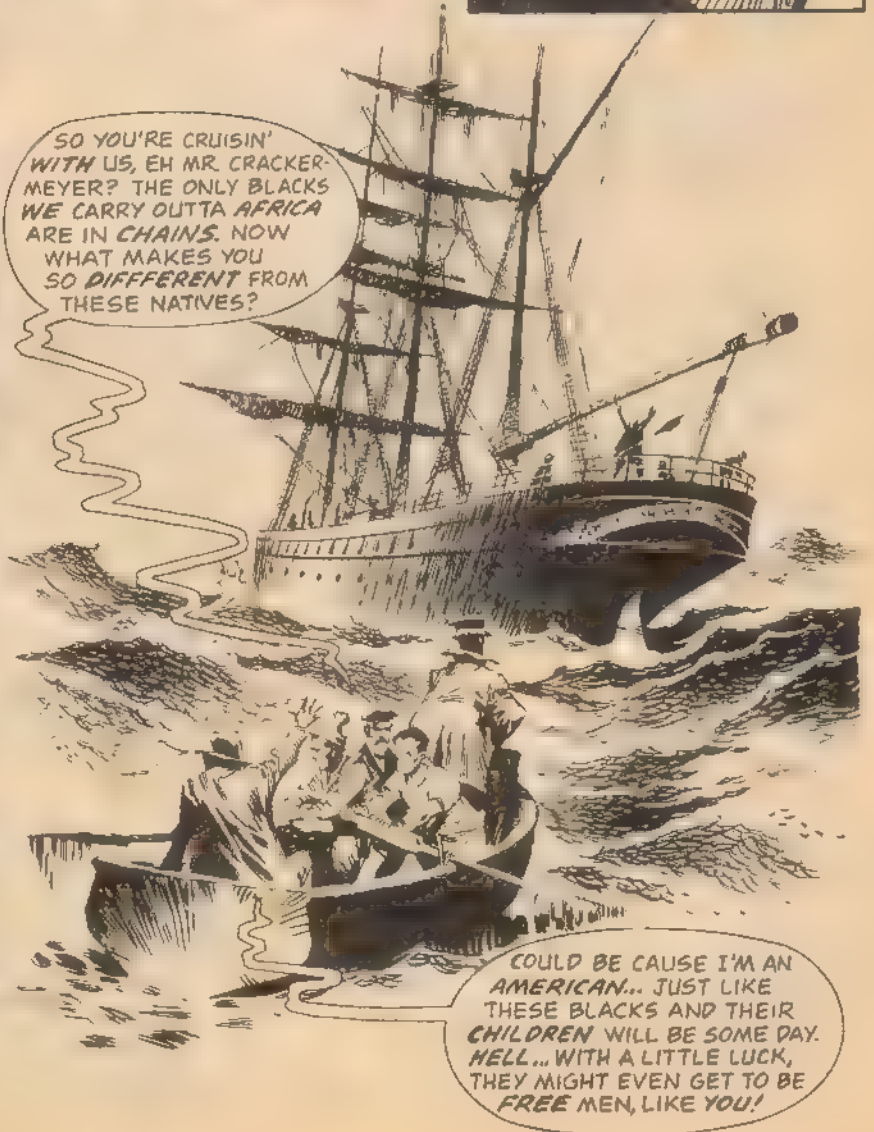
D-DAMN  
SORRY...  
SIR!



THE NERVE OF  
THAT ANIMAL,  
ATTACKIN' A  
WHITE MAN!  
IF I EVER  
SEE HIM  
AGAIN I'LL --

UH, JOCK... BEFORE  
YOU GO MAKIN'  
ANY THREATS, I  
BETTER TELL YOU...

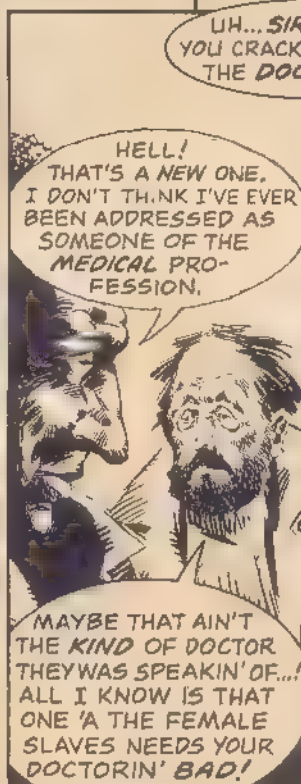
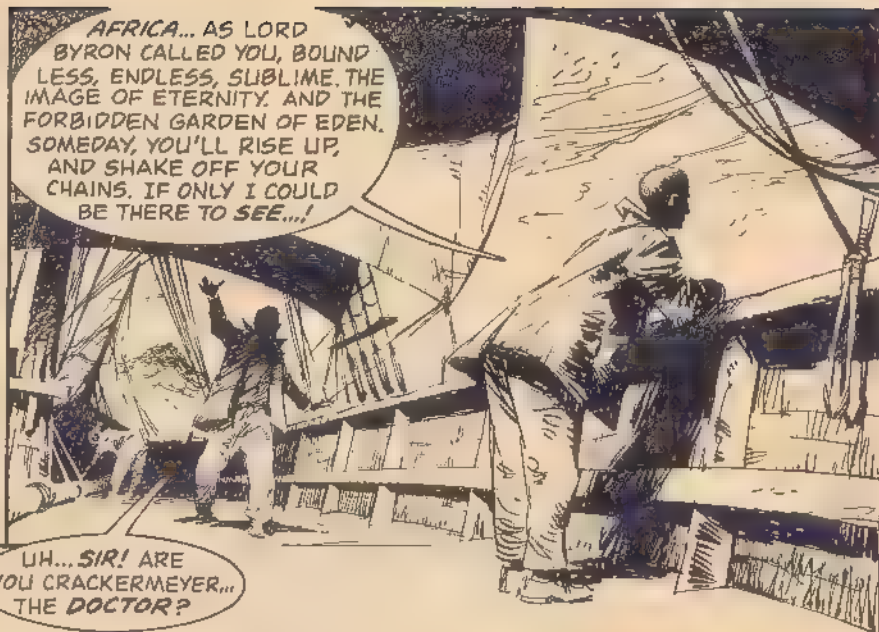
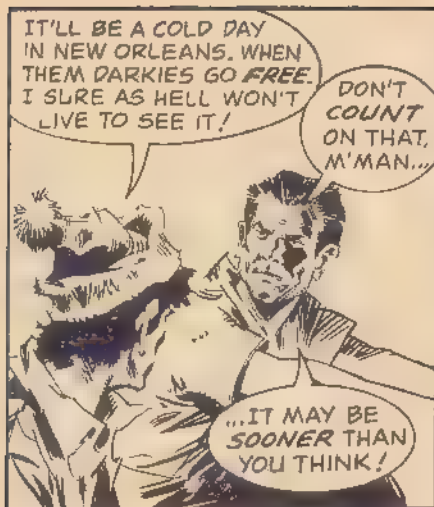
...THAT'S OL'  
CRACKERMAYER,  
THE MAGIC MAN!  
AN HE'S GONNA  
BE SAILIN' WITH  
US BACK TO  
THE STATES!



SO YOU'RE CRUISIN'  
WITH US, EH MR. CRACKER-  
MEYER? THE ONLY BLACKS  
WE CARRY OUTTA AFRICA  
ARE IN CHAINS. NOW  
WHAT MAKES YOU  
SO DIFFERENT FROM  
THESE NATIVES?

COULD BE CAUSE I'M AN  
AMERICAN... JUST LIKE  
THESE BLACKS AND THEIR  
CHILDREN WILL BE SOME DAY.  
HELL... WITH A LITTLE LUCK,  
THEY MIGHT EVEN GET TO BE  
FREE MEN, LIKE YOU!









IF I CAN'T  
NO ONE  
CAN!

SHE'S READY.  
I'LL HELP  
HER PUSH.

YOU LOOK THROUGH MY  
MEDICINES TIL YOU FIND  
A BOTTLE OF WHITE  
POWDER MARKED **GRIS**. IT STOPS  
BLEEDING.



GOD, SHE'S  
STRONG! NOT  
A WHIMPER.  
**PUSH, NOW!**  
**PUSH. GOOM-  
AH TU! ABAAH  
TU!**

**LORD! THERE  
IT COMES  
HEAD FIRST!**

AHHH...LOOKA  
HERE, LOOKA  
HERE!

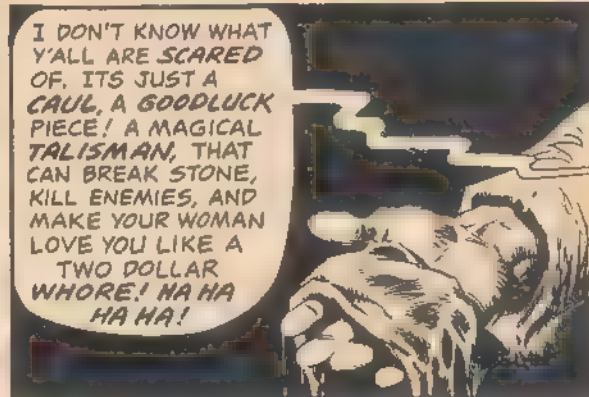
**G-GOD!**  
WHAT IS IT? THE  
INFANT, SIR! THE  
INFANT IS A  
**MONSTER!**



**A MONSTER! PHAA!**  
LOOK AT ITS FACE!  
THIS IS A **WONDROUS**  
THING! THIS IS A **CAUL!**  
THE CHILD IS BIRTHED  
WITH A **CAUL** ON ITS  
FACE! **WONDROUS!**



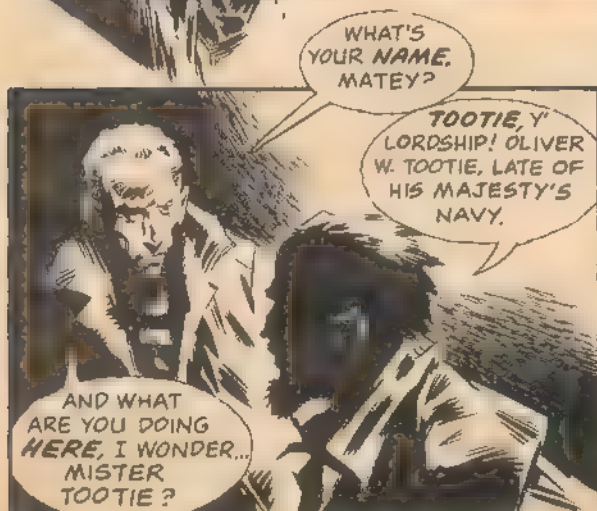
YOU HAVE TO **REMOVE**  
THE **CAUL** FROM THE  
CHILD SO IT CAN  
BREATHE. CAREFULLY  
NOW... EASY. LIFT IT.  
LIFT IT GENTLY...



I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
Y'ALL ARE **SCARED**  
OF. ITS JUST A  
**CAUL**, A **GOODLUCK**  
PIECE! A **MAGICAL**  
**TALISMAN**, THAT  
CAN **BREAK** STONE,  
KILL ENEMIES, AND  
MAKE YOUR WOMAN  
LOVE YOU LIKE A  
TWO DOLLAR  
WHORE! **HA HA**  
**HA HA!**



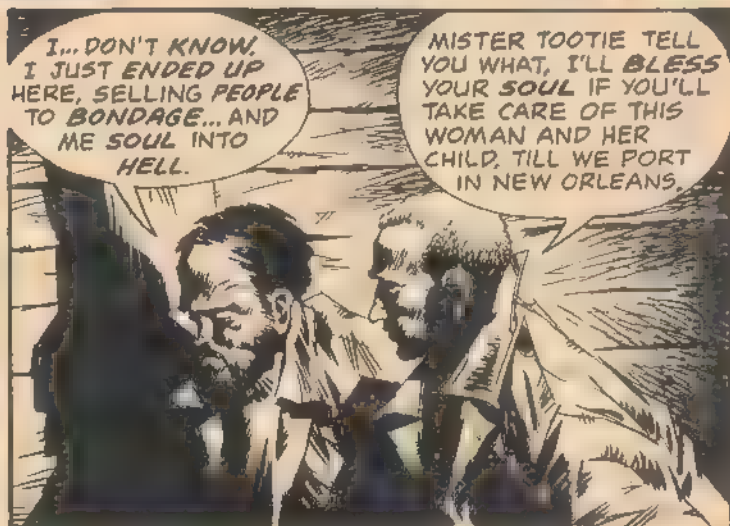
**WONDROUS**  
INDEED! THE  
MAGIC OF  
THE **CAUL!**



WHAT'S  
YOUR NAME,  
MATEY?

**TOOTIE, Y**  
LORDSHIP! OLIVER  
W. TOOTIE, LATE OF  
HIS MAJESTY'S  
NAVY.

AND WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE, I WONDER...  
MISTER  
TOOTIE?



I... DON'T KNOW  
I JUST ENDED UP  
HERE, SELLING PEOPLE  
TO **BONDAGE**... AND  
ME SOUL INTO  
HELL.

MISTER TOOTIE TELL  
YOU WHAT, I'LL **BLESS**  
YOUR SOUL IF YOU'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THIS  
WOMAN AND HER  
CHILD. TILL WE PORT  
IN NEW ORLEANS.





THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT Y'SIR. THERE'S SOMETHING BEYOND HUMAN KEN. YOUR EYES SIR... YOUR EYES LOOK INTO PLACES MY DREAMS HAVE NEVER GONE.

AYE! SHE'LL HAVE HELP, SIR... INDEED!

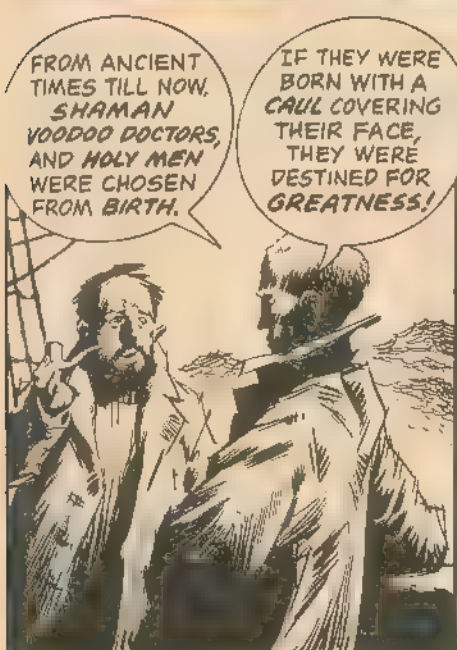


BUT... BUT CAN YOU TELL ME, MISTER CRACKERMAYER... WHAT IS THIS CAUL THING?

MISTER TOOTIE! YOU A SEAMAN, AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A CAUL IS?

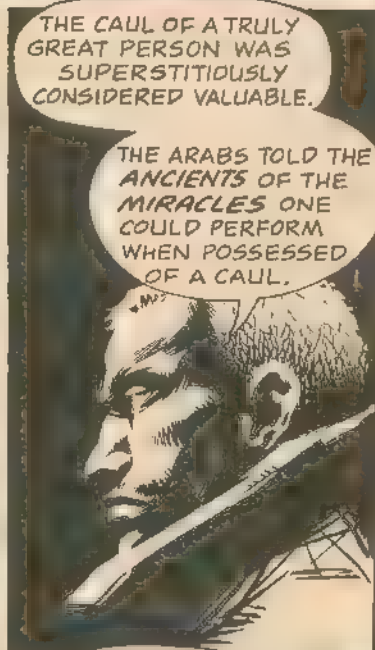
WELL, SIR, I'VE BEEN ON SHIPS ALL OVER THE WORLD, BUT YOU DON'T SEE MUCH FROM A GALLEY.

I SUPPOSE NOT. YOU WERE MORE INTERESTED IN EASTERN SPICES THAN EASTERN LUCK CHARMS, EH?



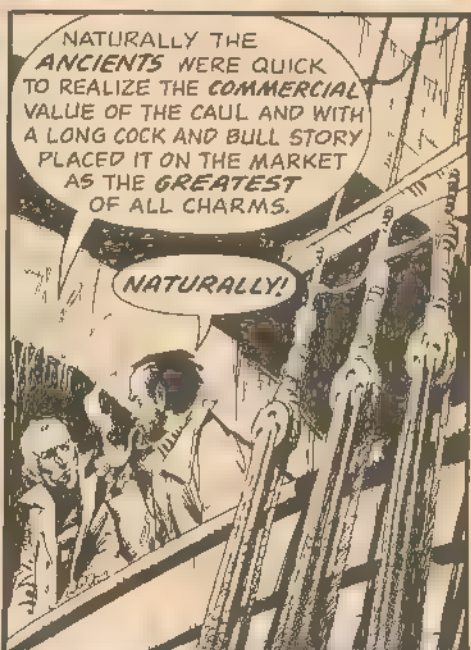
FROM ANCIENT TIMES TILL NOW, SHAMAN VODOO DOCTORS, AND HOLY MEN WERE CHOSEN FROM BIRTH.

IF THEY WERE BORN WITH A CAUL COVERING THEIR FACE, THEY WERE DESTINED FOR GREATNESS!



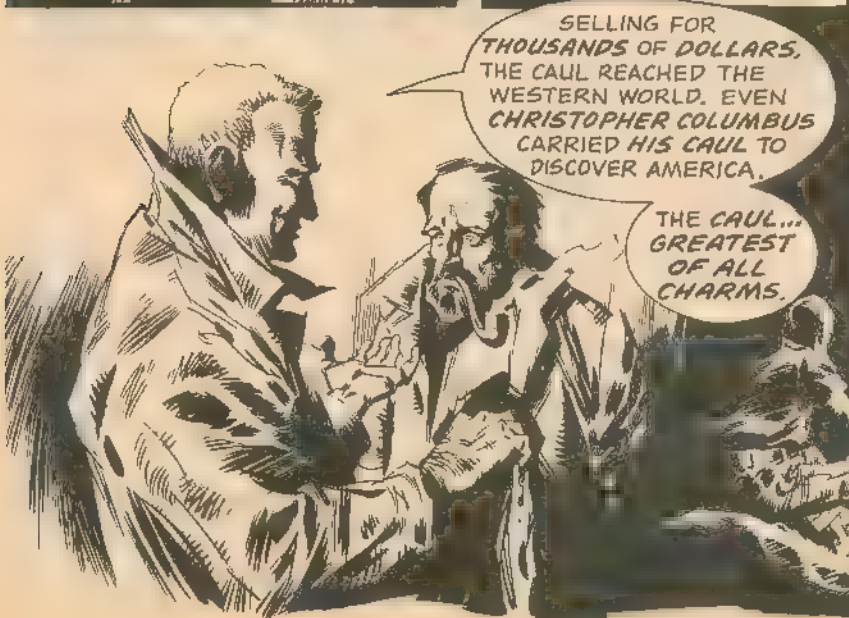
THE CAUL OF A TRULY GREAT PERSON WAS SUPERSTITIOUSLY CONSIDERED VALUABLE.

THE ARABS TOLD THE ANCIENTS OF THE MIRACLES ONE COULD PERFORM WHEN POSSESSED OF A CAUL.



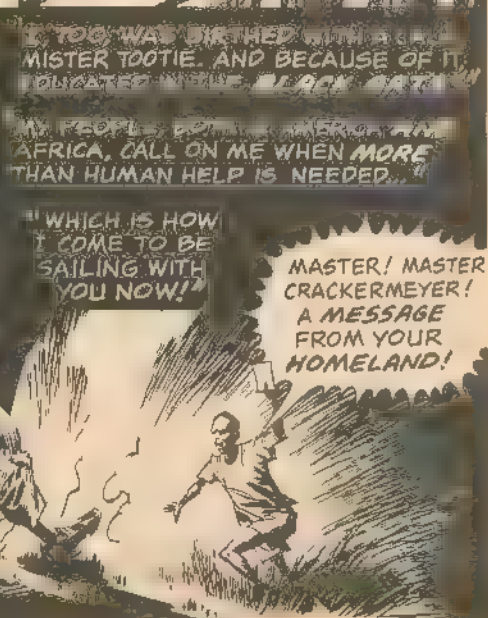
NATURALLY THE ANCIENTS WERE QUICK TO REALIZE THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE CAUL AND WITH A LONG COCK AND BULL STORY PLACED IT ON THE MARKET AS THE GREATEST OF ALL CHARMS.

NATURALLY!



SELLING FOR THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, THE CAUL REACHED THE WESTERN WORLD. EVEN CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS CARRIED HIS CAUL TO DISCOVER AMERICA.

THE CAUL... GREATEST OF ALL CHARMS.



I TOO WAS BIRTHED WITH A CAUL, MISTER TOOTIE. AND BECAUSE OF IT, I CAN LOCATE WHERE I AM AT ANY TIME.

MY PEOPLE DO NOT KNOW OF MY CAUL. CALL ON ME WHEN MORE THAN HUMAN HELP IS NEEDED.

"WHICH IS HOW I COME TO BE SAILING WITH YOU NOW!"

MASTER! MASTER CRACKERMAYER! A MESSAGE FROM YOUR HOMELAND!





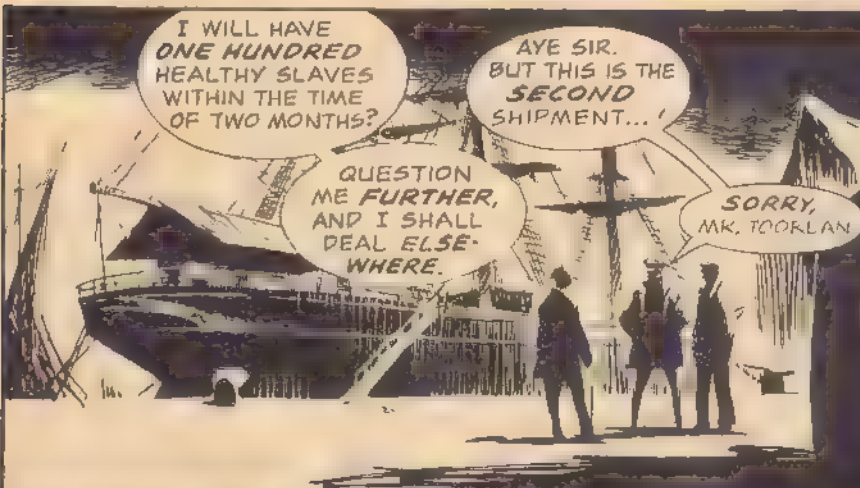
"TO ANDREW JACKSON TOBIAS, IN HASTE. MY BROTHER CRACKER MEYER, THERE IS **DARKNESS** NOW. THERE IS **DARK TERROR**."



"GOD, I'M SO TERRIFIED. I'M SO ALONE. MY REFUGE IN THE SWAMP. HE WAS BLIND WITH FEARS."



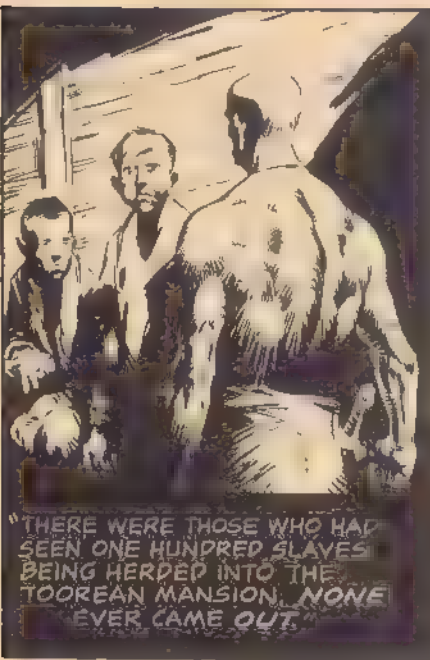
"THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE OWNER IN NEW ORLEANS. I'D COMMISSIONED A SLAVER SHIP, THE CONGO STAR, TO BRING TO HIM A SHIPMENT OF BLACKS."



"THIS WAS TOOREAN'S MANSION. I DID NOT KNOW WHAT USE A MAN WHO OWNS NO FARMLANDS HAS FOR SO MANY SLAVES."



"THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE OWNER IN NEW ORLEANS. I'D COMMISSIONED A SLAVER SHIP, THE CONGO STAR, TO BRING TO HIM A SHIPMENT OF BLACKS."



"THERE WERE THOSE WHO HAD SEEN ONE HUNDRED SLAVES BEING HERDED INTO THE TOOREAN MANSION. NONE EVER CAME OUT."



"I CAN ONLY EXPECT THE WORST. IT MAKES EVEN MY BLOOD RUN COLD TO IMAGINE WHAT HAPPENS WITHIN THE WALLS OF TOOREAN'S MANSION."



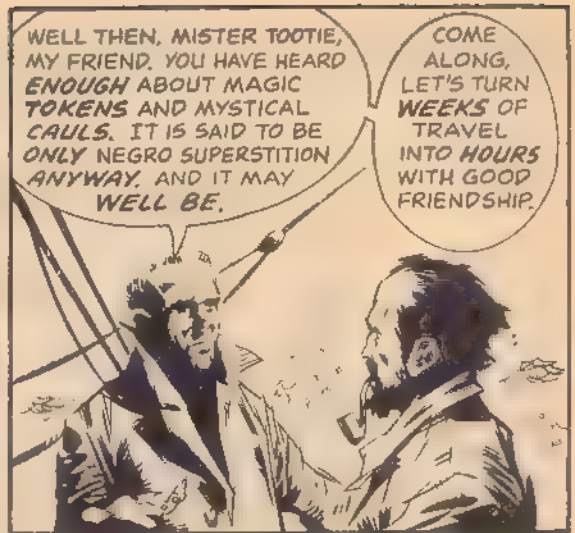
"SPYING ON THE SLAVERS, I LEARNED THEY WERE TO LAND IN AFRICA NEAR WHERE YOU WERE STUDYING MAGICS. WHEN THEY LAND TO BUY THEIR HUMAN CARGO, YOU MUST BE THERE."





"P.S.-- BRING SOME  
TOKEN OF STRONG  
MAGIC BACK WITH YOU...  
WE'LL NEED IT!"

"BOOK PASSAGE ABOARD THE CONGO  
STAR. COME HOME. I WILL MEET YOU  
IN NEW ORLEANS **TOGETHER** WE WILL  
PROBE THE SECRET OF THE TOOREAN  
MANSION." YOURS, *Spook*



WELL THEN, MISTER TOOTIE,  
MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE HEARD  
**ENOUGH** ABOUT MAGIC  
TOKENS AND MYSTICAL  
CAULS. IT IS SAID TO BE  
ONLY NEGRO SUPERSTITION  
ANYWAY, AND IT MAY  
WELL BE.

COME  
ALONG,  
LET'S TURN  
**WEEKS** OF  
TRAVEL  
INTO **HOURS**  
WITH GOOD  
FRIENDSHIP.



THE DAYS WERE BLUE AND BRIGHT AS THE SHIP OF  
TORMENTED CARGO CUT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC  
TOWARD THE RUGGED SEACOASTS OF THE GULF  
OF MEXICO. **DESTINATION? THE BAWDY PORT  
OF NEW ORLEANS.**

AND **WEEKS** OF TRAVEL WERE **INDEED** TURNED  
INTO **HOURS** OF GOOD FRIENDSHIP. YET ALWAYS  
BENEATH THE CALM SURFACE OF HIS YARNS,  
THERE WAS **PUZZLEMENT** AND **GROWING  
DREAD** IN THE MAGICMAN'S SOUL.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BLACK  
MAN WAS RECORDED BY  
ANCIENT NEGRO SHAMEN  
UPON KITABS, SLABS OF  
MUD.

THE LEARNED  
WHITES AND THE  
BLACK SHAMEN  
WRITE ABOUT ONE  
THING IN COMMON...  
THE GARDEN OF  
EDEN.

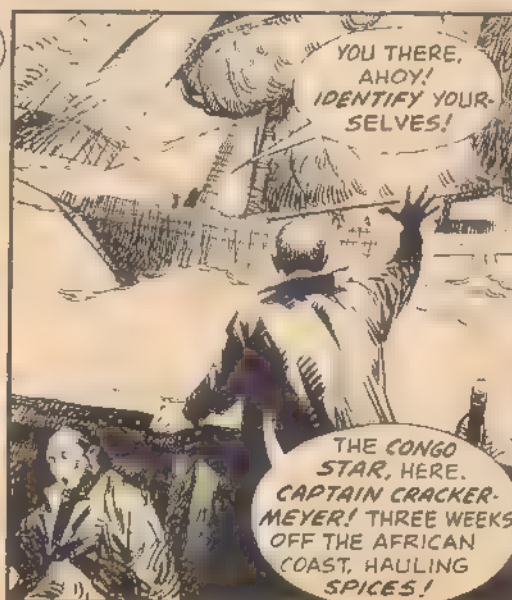
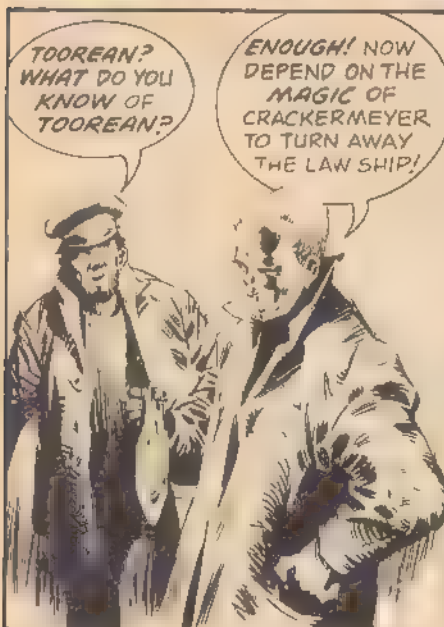
SCIENCE CALLS  
THE NOW SUNKEN  
ISLAND IT WAS ON,  
ATLANTIS. THE  
SHAMAN CALLED  
IT BAMBOULA  
LAND.



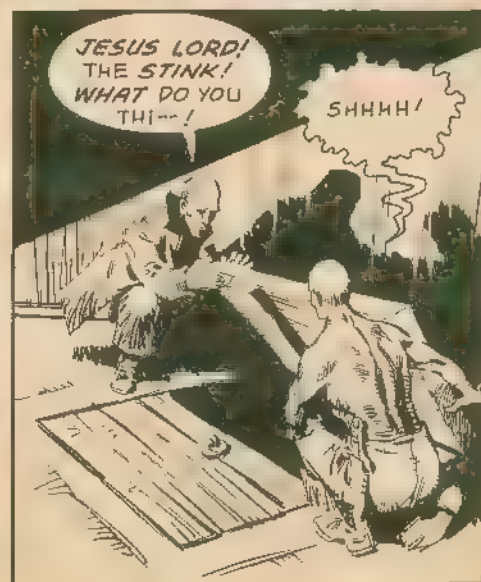
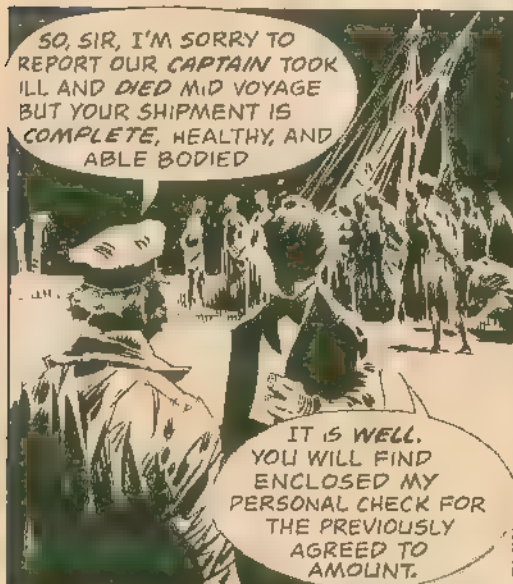
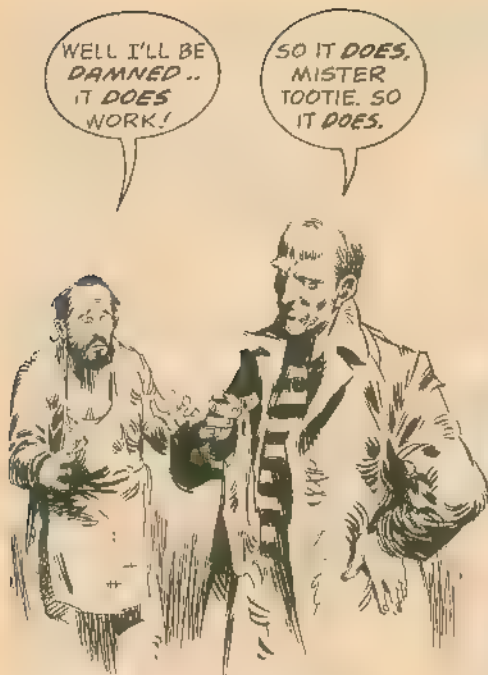
THE  
GEORGIA  
ISLANDS! WE'RE  
CLOSE TO  
HOME!



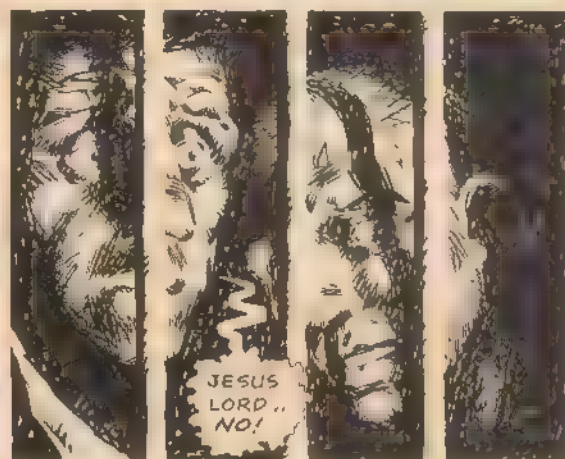
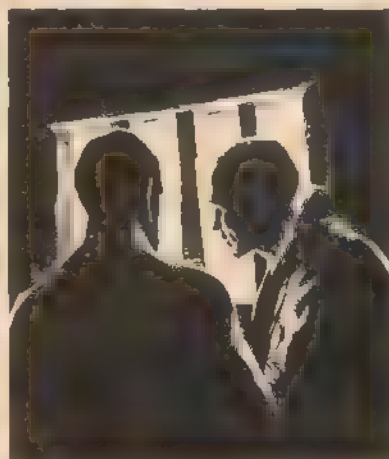
BUT THE HAPPINESS  
WAS CUT SHORT...!











THE WAN LIGHT OF FLICKERING TORCHES SET INTO THE ROUGH HEWN WALLS, CAST SHADOWS OF SUCH GOTHIC HUMAN ATROCITIES AS TO MAKE EVEN THE DEAD ROIL WITH SEARING DREAD

HERE WAS THE CHAMBER OF A BLOODRIEN







SOMETHING,  
SOME FORCE  
HELD HIM,  
TRANSFIXED.

BUT A GIANT  
BLACK HAND  
SILENTLY  
SLOWLY  
REACHED  
DOWN TO  
GRAB A  
SPLINTERED  
PIECE OF  
WOOD!

WHILE OTHER  
HANDS GROPE  
FOR MAGIC  
AND MORE  
IN THE FORM  
OF AN  
ANCIENT  
TALISMAN

YOU CAN'T MOVE!  
YOU'RE POWERLESS,  
AND YOU DON'T EVEN  
UNDERSTAND WHY!

IT'S BECAUSE NO  
LIVING BEING CAN  
WITHSTAND THE  
HYPNOTIC WILL OF  
A DAMVERE!

BUT I CAN'T  
EXPECT ANIMAL MINDS  
TO COMPREHEND THAT...  
TO UNDERSTAND THE  
BLOOD AND FLESH  
NEED OF MY KIND!

NO. YOU ARE  
POWERLESS, BECAUSE  
I WILL IT SO. YOU TOO  
WILL BECOME MY  
VICTIMS.

FOR THERE  
IS NO GREATER  
POWER THAN  
THAT OF A  
LIVING  
DAMVERE!

WHO SAYS SO?  
MISTER CORNBALL?

YAAH!! NO!  
NO! W-WHAT IS  
T-THIS? BURNS!  
NO!

SPOOK!  
THE SPIKE!  
NOW!

NOOOOOO!  
SKLIN!  
K!

AS SUDDENLY AS THE HOARFROST OF  
HORROR HAD ENGULFED THEM, IT WAS  
DISPELLED... IN DARK RUSTLING DEATH.

HE WAS  
RIGHT. I  
DIDN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
HIM!

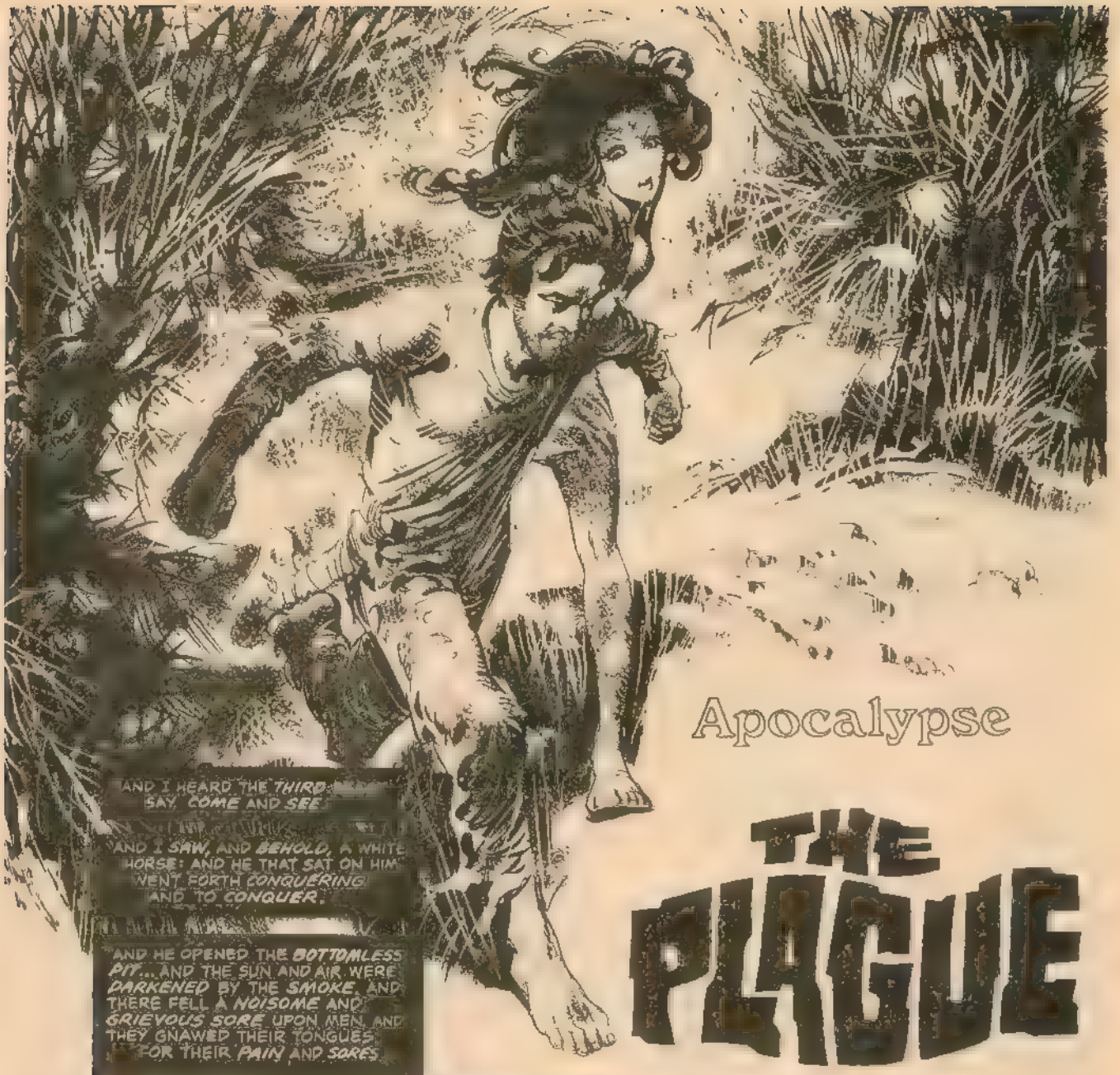
MAYBE NOBODY  
EVER WILL, SPOOK...  
EVER!

BUT WE ENDED HIS  
HORROR! AND IT PROVED  
THERE STILL IS NO  
GREATER MAGIC THAN  
THE CAUL!

I HAVE TO TELL  
MISTER TOOT E THAT  
IT REALLY DOES  
WORK!

THAT NIGHT ONE HUNDRED SLAVES  
BECAME FREE MEN, AMERICANS.  
AND THEY CELEBRATED WITH A  
VICTORY FIRE.





Apocalypse

# THE PLAGUE

AND I HEARD THE THIRD  
SAY, COME AND SEE.

AND I SAW, AND BEHOLD, A WHITE  
HORSE: AND HE THAT SAT ON HIM  
WENT FORTH CONQUERING  
AND TO CONQUER.

AND HE OPENED THE BOTTOMLESS  
PIT... AND THE SUN AND AIR WERE  
DARKENED BY THE SMOKE, AND  
THERE FELL A NOISOME AND  
GRIEVOUS SORE UPON MEN, AND  
THEY GNAWED THEIR TONGUES  
FOR THEIR PAIN AND SORES.

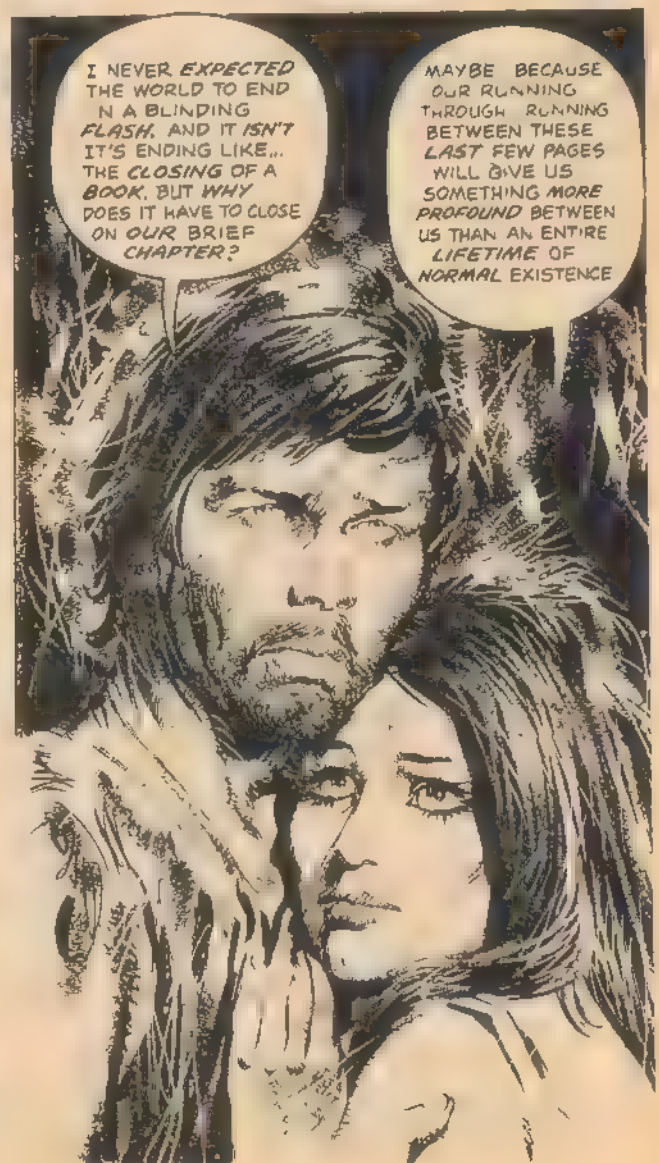
THE THIRD WOE IS PAST, AND  
BEHOLD, THE FOURTH WOE  
COMETH QUICKLY.

THE HOLY BIBLE  
THE APOCALYPSE



AND TOO, WHERE DOES A CREATURE  
IN THE DARK PLAGUE END?



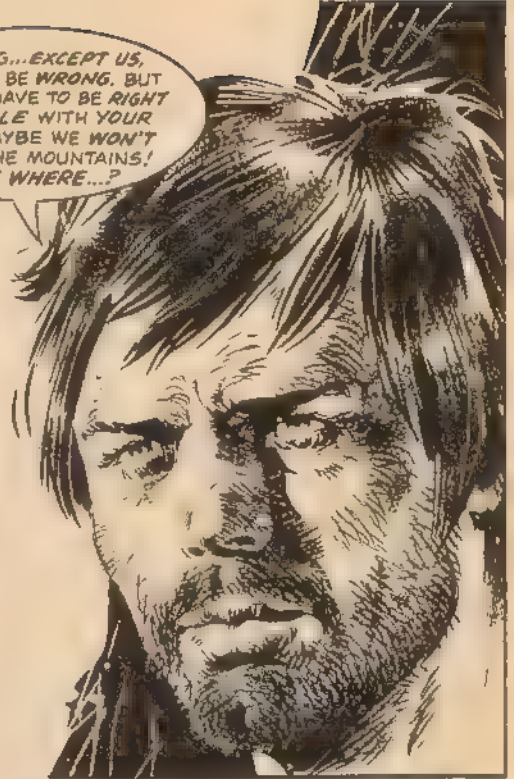




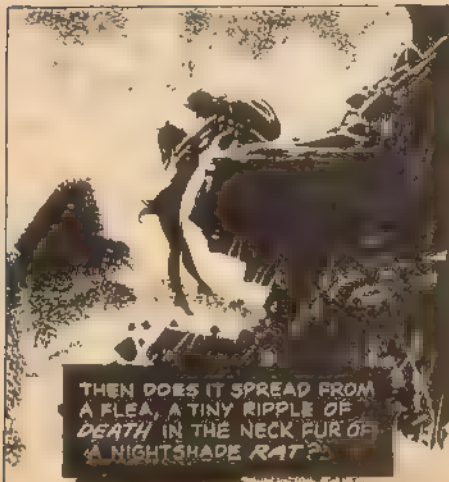


I DON'T FIND ANY  
PEACE IN AN  
ACCEPTED SORROW!  
WE'LL KEEP RUNNING!  
THERE!

NOTHING...EXCEPT US,  
SHOULD I BE WRONG. BUT  
I DON'T HAVE TO BE RIGHT  
TO GAMBLE WITH YOUR  
LIFE! MAYBE WE WON'T  
HIDE IN THE MOUNTAINS!  
BUT WHERE...?



NO, WE'LL GO TO THE  
MOUNTAINS. MY LIFE  
IS NO GAMBLE WITH  
YOU. I HAVE NO LIFE  
BUT YOU. WHEN I  
FOUND YOU, MY LIFE  
ENDED. I BECAME  
YOU. YOUR VERY  
ESSENCE. TAKE ME  
TO THE MOUNTAINS.



THEN DOES IT SPREAD FROM  
A FLEA, A TINY RIPPLE OF  
DEATH IN THE NECK FUR OF  
A NIGHTSHADE RAT?




DOES THE GERM RIDE SALIVA TO FLASHING SHARP  
RODENT FANGS AND TRANSFER TO A SLEEPING  
BABE WITH A VICIOUS NIP?









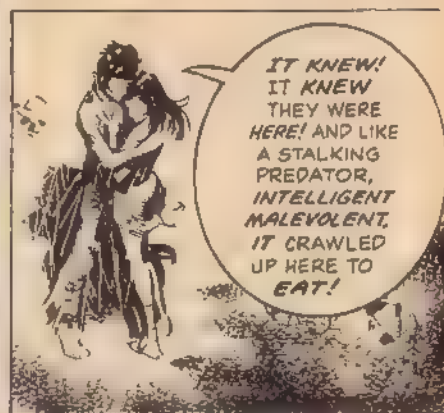
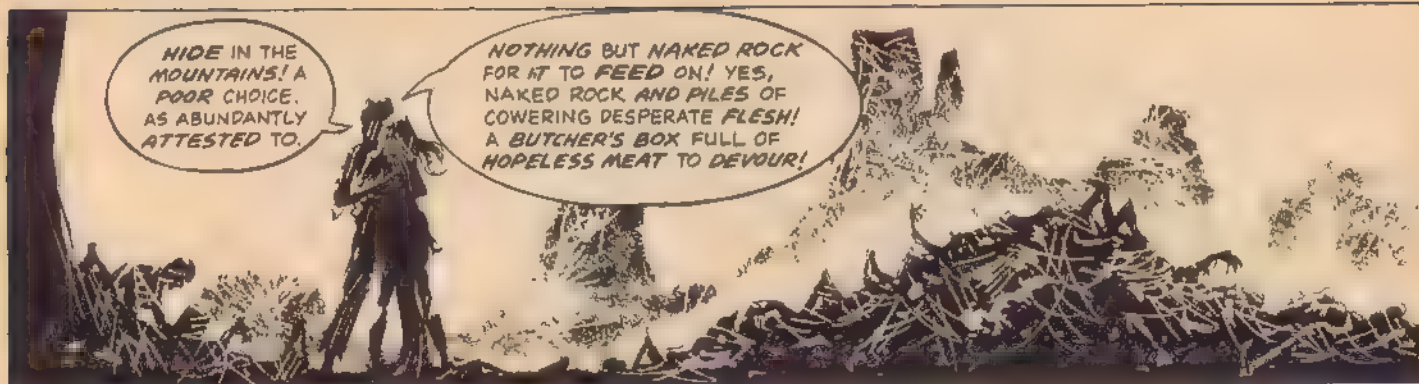
DOES THE SCOURGE CARRY ON  
THE WIND? OR ON THE VERY  
MOLECULES OF LIFE ITSELF?

MIGHT IT SPREAD EVEN INTO  
THE VOID OF DEEP SPACE TO  
RIDE METEOR TAILS THROUGH-  
OUT THE GALAXIES...

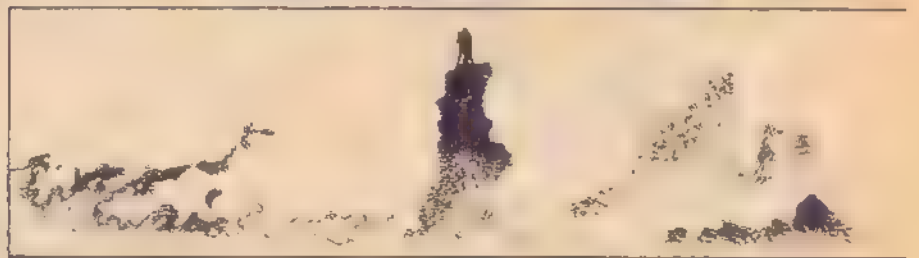
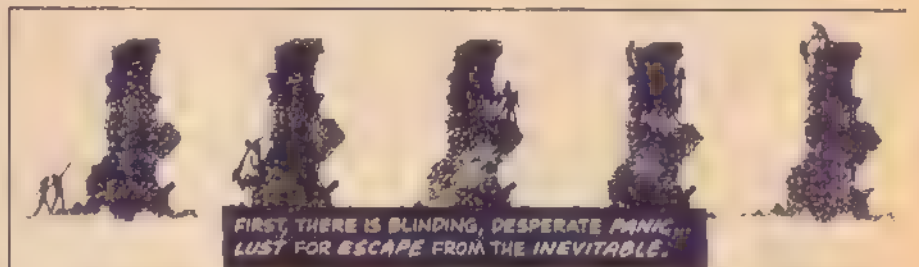
UNTIL IT CONSUMES THE  
FARTHERMOST FLUNG REACHES  
OF INFINITY UNCHARTED?

MIGHT THAT WHICH SPANG FROM AN  
ATOMIE'S FEVERED SYSTEM DESTROY  
ETERNITY ITSELF? CONSIDER, A  
MORBID PONDERANCE, UPON WHICH  
THESE FINAL PRECIOUS MOMENTS  
ARE STREWN.







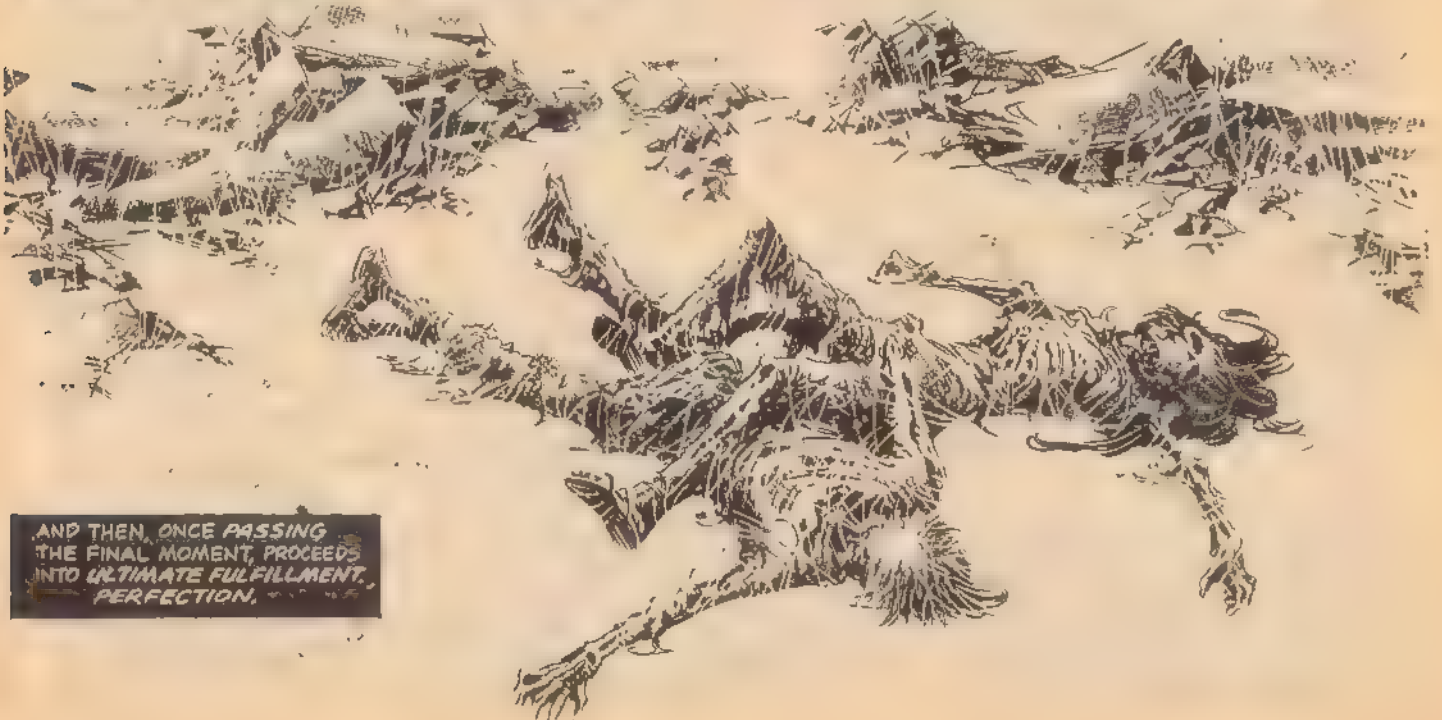
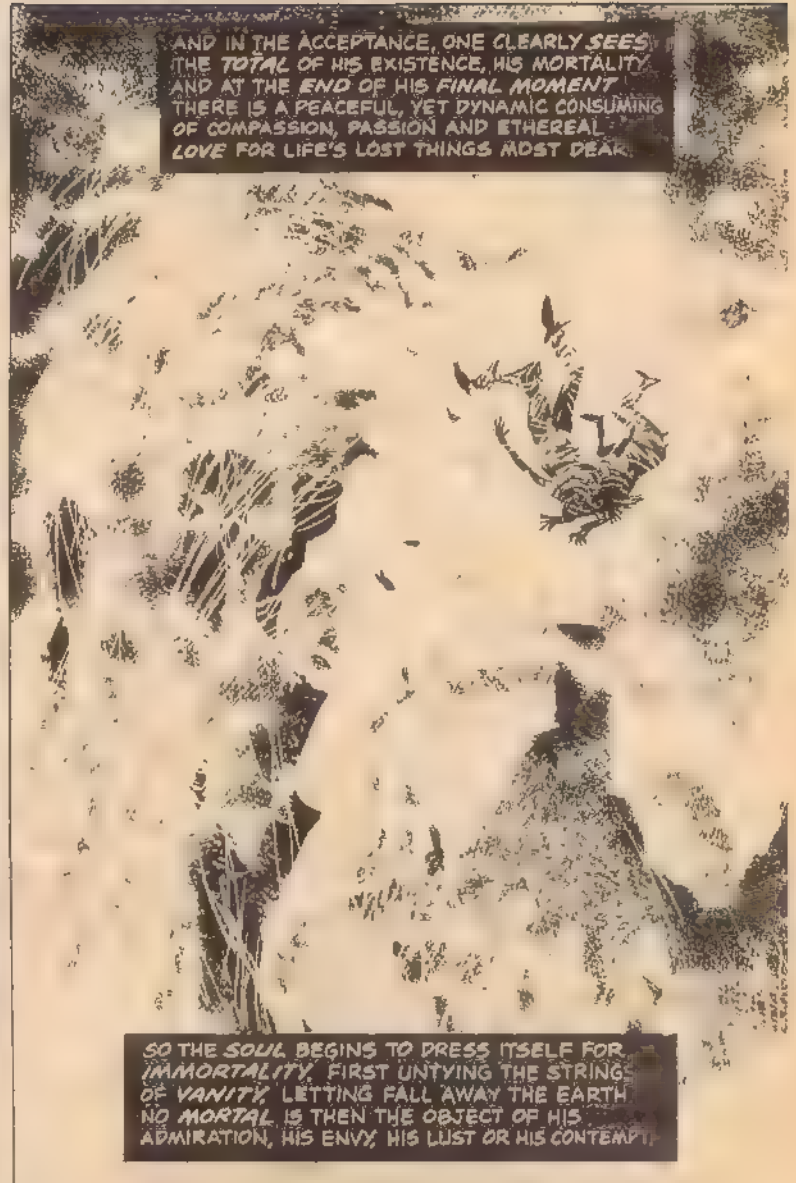




FEEL I FEEL EVERYTHING!  
I REALIZE! YOU WERE RIGHT.  
THE LAST PAGE IS CLOSING.  
WE'RE THE LAST SENTENCE...  
AND THE LAST THREE WORDS  
MAKES OUR TOTAL EXISTENCE  
MORE BRILLIANT THAN THE  
SUM OF THE UNIVERSE!









THE SHOCK OF  
TRANSCENDING  
IS EASILY TAKEN

AND THERE IS NEW AWARENESS,  
NEW LIFE, REAL LIFE, NEW  
BEGINNINGS, A LEAVING BEHIND  
OF USELESS SHELLS, A FREEDOM  
FROM CONFINEMENT, A LEAVING  
FROM THE WOMB, A BECOMING  
PART OF SUCH LIFE AS FLESH  
CANNOT OBTAIN, NOR MIND  
ENVISION.

THERE ARE NEW  
REALITIES, ONCE  
FEARED, NOW  
SAVORED.

I... I NEVER KNEW!  
HOW COULD I HAVE  
GUESSED? THE  
PLEASURE, THE JOY,  
THE LOVE FOR YOU  
AND ALL THESE  
OTHERS, THE UNEN-  
CUMBERED ECSTASY.  
WE RAN FROM THIS?

WE FEARED THE  
MURDERING PLAGUE!  
BUT THERE IS NO  
PLAGUE!

THE BODIES WE WERE  
IN WEREN'T LIFE! THIS  
IS LIFE! IT WAS OUR  
TIME TO BE BORN!  
THE EARTH WAS ONLY  
A WAITINGROOM FOR  
SOULS YET TO BE  
BORN!

WE'D BEEN WAITING ON  
EARTH SO LONG, WE THOUGHT  
WE WERE ALIVE! WE HAD IT  
BACKWARDS! WE'RE ALIVE!  
IN INFINITY, HOW MANY  
BILLIONS OF EARTH-LIKE  
WAITING ROOMS OUT HERE?  
LET'S HURRY TO THEM.  
DON'T LET THEM SUFFER...  
ANY LONGER, HURRY.

AND WHERE THEN, FOR A PLAGUE  
END? NOT HERE? FOR THE PLAGUE  
MUST CONTINUE TOWARD THE NEXT  
PLACE, WHERE SOULS UNBORN  
THEIR "EARTHS" ENCASED IN  
PLACENTAL, PROTECTIVE MESA,  
WAITING... WAITING AT LAST TO FIND  
THE RELEASE... OF BIRTH.

WHAT MAY SEEM TO BE  
TO BE BUT DIVA FUNERAL  
FIRES MAY BE IN TRUTH  
HEAVEN'S BIRTH  
LANDS.



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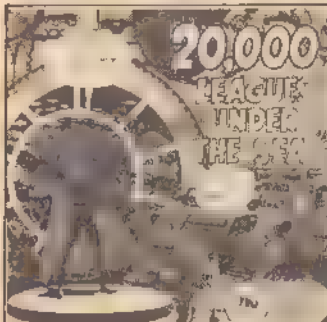
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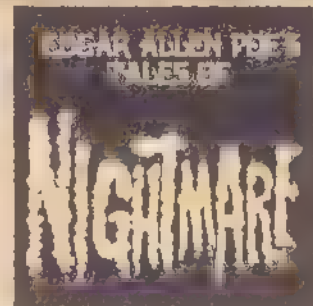
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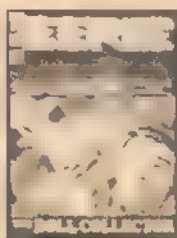
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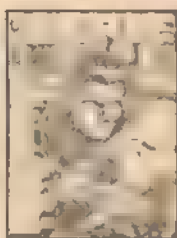
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# BACK ISSUES!

MANY EERIE ISSUES WOULD BE WORTH HAVING FOR THE COVER ALONE! CHECK THE COVERS BELOW AND YOU WILL FIND MANY FRANK FRAZETTA MASTERPIECES. THE EGYPTIAN QUEEN ON THE COVER OF EERIE #23 IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE (AND DESIRABLE) WOMEN FRAZETTA HAS PAINTED. THERE IS THE JEFF JONES/VAUGHN BODE CASTLE IN THE CLOUDS COLLABORATION OF EERIE #27. THE RICH CORBEN BEAUTY AND BEAST OF #32. AND THE KEN KELLY EERIE #38 COVER IS NOTHING SHORT OF SPECTACULAR. AND THERE ARE MORE FRAZETTA, MORE BODE, MORE KELLY COVERS PLUS MANY GREATS BY OTHER FINE ARTISTS. CHECK THEM OUT. MANY EERIE MAGAZINES WOULD BE WORTH OWNING SIMPLY FOR A SINGLE TALE THAT APPEARS IN THAT ISSUE! "FOOTSTEPS OF FRANKENSTEIN" BY REED CRANDALL WAS A TERRIFYING TALE. "IT THAT LURKS," A DAN ADKINS MASTERPIECE. "DARK RIDER" BY JOHN SEVERIN WAS AN EXCELLENT WESTERN TALE. AND THERE ARE MANY, MANY MORE



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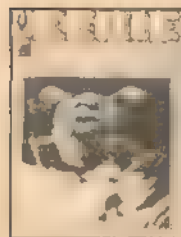
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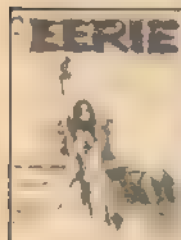
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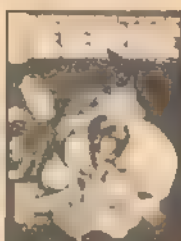
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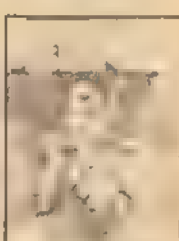
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EERIE #1 is gone! This fantastic collector's item is sold out entirely. The other issues are left ... for a while. Don't miss this opportunity to complete your collection! Early issues are going fast. Soon you will be forced to pay comic dealers exorbitant prices to obtain rare EERIE back issues ... when you can get them at all. You have a great collection already ... sure, but have you checked it over lately? Do you have all the issues? Do you have all the fantastic Frazetta covers, the great Ortiz stories, the whole Dax saga? Do you have them ALL? Remember how your mother thought that EERIE #7 was the perfect thickness to level the hole in the basement so that the washing machine would sit evenly? The "Sea Witch" was flooded with soap-suds and your mother got a new washer. You'd been meaning to get a new #7 for years! And what about that New Year's Eve when your dog got angry about being left at home alone and ate the entire second half of EERIE #48? And the time your cousin Harold was reading #28 at the ocean and he fell asleep and the tide came in? He returned it, but it wasn't in mint condition. And since you are a collector, you deserve mint condition magazines. Order them while they last!

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



# GIANT 6 FT. KONG POSTER

KING KONG TOWERS ABOVE THE TEAMING METROPOLIS IN THIS HUGE POSTER, MEASURING A GIANT 6'x4'. THIS IS A BLACK AND WHITE MASTERPIECE, A SUPERGRAPHIC DESIGN FOR YOUR ROOM, DEN OR PLAYROOM.



Own a poster of the simian giant who demolished New York & captured the hearts of a generation of movie-goers. This is the amazing story of Kong, captured on an uncharted island and brought to New York in chains, displayed before a vast audience, only to escape and wreak havoc on the city. King Kong is the protagonist in the ultimate saga of the beauty & the beast. The tragic animated victim of men's greed and his own heart's desire. Now you can own this poster of Kong in his glory. #2966/\$4.95

# POSTERS BY RICH CORBEN

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ANTICIPATION  
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MIDNIGHT BATTLE  
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If you like them in black and white, you should see them in color! These 11"x14" full color fantasy posters are done in Rich Corben's own inimitable style with his spectacular hand-separated color. "Midnight Battle" is done in sunrise hues and shows the victorious warrior standing athwart the bodies of slaughtered beasts. The heroine stares at him adoringly. "Anticipation" shows the warrior at rest in a green and blue landscape. The girl tickles his face with grass.

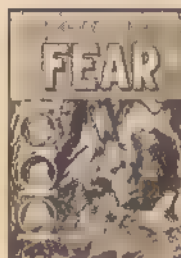
# FULL-COLOR REPRINTS OF EC COMICS!



EC HORROR COMICS FROM THE 50'S. Impressive hard-cover collection of the best from EC. Big 12x15" book with 23 tales in full color. Art by Frazetta, Wood, Davis and all the greats! Specify #2152 Only \$19.95



TWO-FISTED TALES #34 In this issue is Davis' "Betsey," "Trial" by Wood, Severin's "Craps-audine," Evans' "Guynemer" and the original letters pages. Plus other original features. Order #21152 \$1.25



HAUNT OF FEAR #23 Awful tales of EC terror! Evan's "No Silver Atoll," Davis' "Country Clubbing," "Hansel and Gretel" by Kamen, Ingels' "Creep Course," plus "Ghastly" cover. A must! #21164 \$1.25

To the comics fan and the appreciator of fine tales of classic terror, the EC logo shines. In the annals of comic memorabilia, work done by the EC staff is revered above that of most contemporary comic work. Now you can get reprints of the originals, exactly as they appeared 20 years ago. Order now!



WEIRD SCIENCE #15 Wally Wood leads off with his sci-fi tale "Marlans" followed by Jack Kamen's "Miscalculation," Orlando's "Bum Sleer" and Al Williamson's "Captivity." Also a biography of artist Orlando. #21038 \$1.50



CRIME SUSPENSE #25. Gripping tales of criminal terror. "Three For the Money" by Jack Kamen, "Dog Food" by Reed Crandall, plus "Key Chain" by Bernie Krugstein and "The Squealer" by artist G. Evans. #21115 \$1.50



VAULT OF HORROR #26 "Two of a Kind" by Johnny Craig, "Half Way Horrible" by Jack Kamen, Graham Ingels' "Hook, Line, and Sink or, and a special cover story by Jack Davis entitled "Graft in Concrete." Great! #21120 \$1.25



SHOCK SUSPENSE #6 "Dead Right" by Kamen, Orlando's "Not So Tough," Sugar and Spice by Ghastly, and one of the most important comic stories ever, Wood's "Under Cover." A Shock! #21122 \$1.25



WEIRD FANTASY #13 Two incredible tales by Wally Wood highlight this incredible issue. "Home to Stay" tells of an astronaut's last flight. The End recounts man's last days. Also work by Joe Orlando and Jack Kamen. #21095 \$1.50



HAUNT OF FEAR #12 One of EC's finest efforts. Features "Poetic Justice" from movie "Tales From The Crypt" along with Davis' "What's Cooking?" and tales by Orlando and Craig. Plus Craig bio. #21080 \$1.50



SHOCK SUSPENSE #12. Starring "The Kidnapper" by Reed Crandall and featuring "The Monkey" by Joe Orlando, "Fall Guy" by Wally Wood (with a climax you won't forget), and "Deadline" by Jack Kamen. #21075 \$1.50

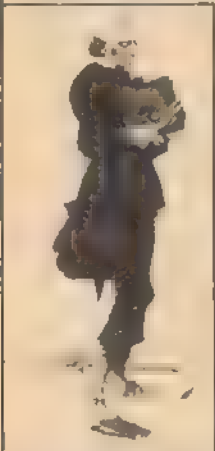


CRYPT OF TERROR #1. Features the work of Davis, Evans, Graham Ingels, has story "Blind Alley" from movie "Tales From The Crypt." Cover by Jack Davis. This one is a vintage EC comic book. #2185 \$2.00



# UNCLE CREEPY

# COUSIN EERIE



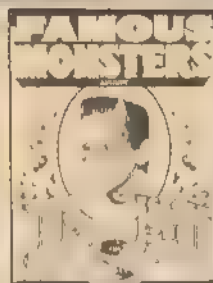
UNCLE CREEPY painted by SANJULIAN 28" x 20" of pulsating pigments. Compliment to Eerie, companion to 6' Vampire #2948, UNCLE CREEPY POSTER \$2.00

COUSIN EERIE painted by SANJULIAN 28" x 20" of other horrendous hues! There's never been such a portrait! #2946, COUSIN EERIE POSTER, \$2.00

# WARREN POSTERS



SPECIAL DOUBLE POSTERS! CREEPY #46 & EERIE #40 16" x 22" Full Color on both sides. Order one copy for \$1.00 or two copies for \$1.50! #2940



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EERIE #4, Cover Full Color 20" x 28" #2929 \$2.00



VAMPIRELLA #7 Full Color 20" x 28" #2931 \$2.00



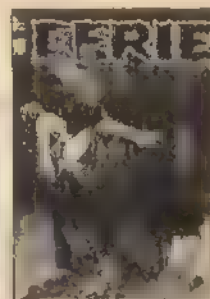
CREEPY #48 Cover Full Color 20" x 28" #2937 \$2.00



EERIE #38 Cover Full Color 20" x 28" #2938 \$2.00



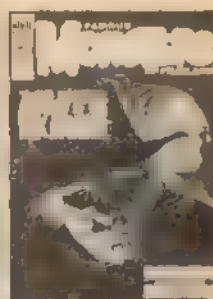
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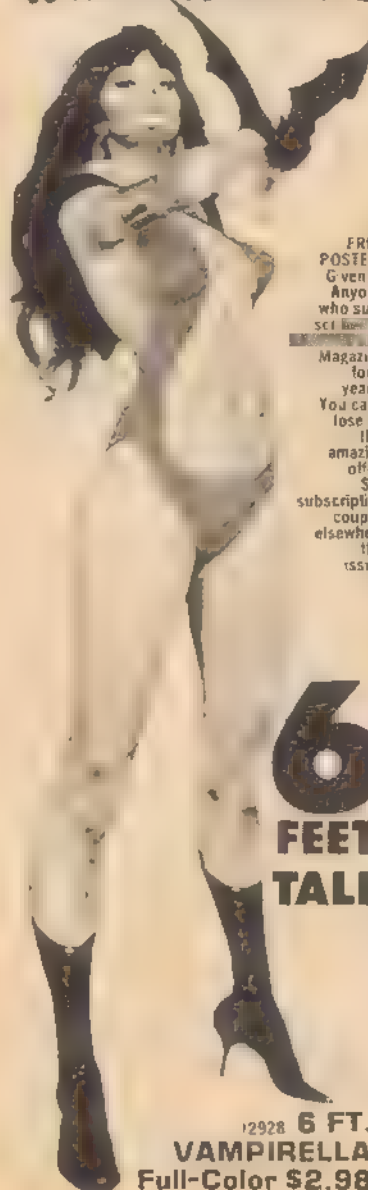


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# VAMPIRELLA



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6 FEET TALL

#2928 6 FT. VAMPIRELLA Full-Color \$2.98

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SNAP-TOGETHER KITS WITH MOVABLE PARTS



## KILLER GORILLA

Over 8" tall, this is an exciting hobby kit of one of the most powerful creatures ever to roam the earth. A ferocious pose by this real life monster will add a brutal touch of the jungle to your room. Instructions are included. Order #24102/\$3.50



## KOMODO DRAGON

This is a reptilian monster that really lives! This ten foot long monster inhabits the island of Komodo where his forked tongue lashes out at the inhabitants of the land. The kit is over 7" long, and features this dragon in all his gruesome glory. #24101/\$3.50

# STAR TREK JIGSAW PUZZLES

HOURS OF FUN! 150 TO 500 PIECES!  
FULL COLOR! BIG 14"x20"!



## JUMBO STAR TREK PUZZLE #24125

Join the crew of the Starship Enterprise in foiling the attempted hijacking of the vessel and its crew by intergalactic intruders. A vicious and deadly alien holds Captain James Kirk, Mr. Spock and Lt. Uhura at gun point. Characters and scene from the animated series. This giant 14"x18" puzzle comes with 300 fully interlocking pieces you can assemble. Fun! #24125/\$2.00



STAR TREK PUZZLE #1: Battle on the Planet Romulus. Join the first officers of the Enterprise as they combat a deadly alien. 10"x14", 150 pieces. #24129/\$1.50



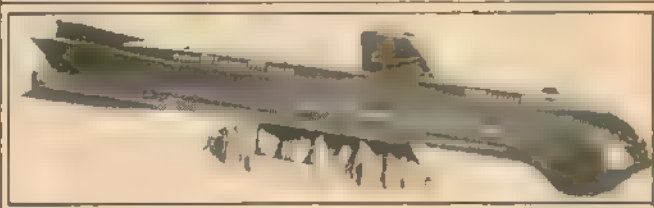
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STAR TREK PUZZLE #4: Battle on the Planet Klingon. Kirk and Spock battle a multi-tentacled creature. 10"x14", 150 pieces. #24130/\$1.50

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Siding gracefully beneath the Polar regions of earth, is the nuclear powered submarine Seaview. Its mission: To save the world from destruction by atomic rays from outer space. Not really, of course, but that's the story behind the hugely successful film and television series VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. And here is a beautifully detailed all plastic replica of that sleek sub, The Seaview. It rests on its own coral-rock display stand, and is almost a full foot in length. Create an undersea diorama with the kit! Or add it to your collection of futuristic vehicles, such as the Star Trek kits. #24103/\$1.49



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# FULL COLOR DINOSAUR JIGSAW PUZZLES

The Age of Reptiles lives again in these three panoramic, full color dinosaur puzzles. Each has a big 200 pieces and is a large 20"x12" when fully assembled. Hours of fun; great to mount and display!



## TYLOSAUR vs. PTERANODON

The waves of a prehistoric ocean are choppy with death as these great lizards battle it out. Pteranodon was the first winged animal; Tylosaur was the ancient ancestor of our own modern-day Loch Ness Monster. The two were blood enemies, as both fed upon fish from the sea. Magnificent kit! #2677/\$1.39

## BRONTOSAUR

This is the big one! All 30 tons of the Brontosaurus are here in this exciting puzzle. The Brontosaurus had to spend most of his time in water for two reasons. It helped support his massive weight, and kept him safe from predators, meat-eating dinosaurs who couldn't swim. Bronto was strictly a vegetarian beast. #2679/\$1.39



## TYRANNOSAUR vs. TRICERATOPS

The earth quakes as these two most famous dinosaurs battle it out to the death. The Tyrannosaurus, King of the Dinosaurs and mightiest of the meat-eaters, and Triceratops, a peaceful vegetarian, are a well-matched pair. The Tyrannosaurus battling with 6" teeth; his companion using 3 sharp ivory horns. #2678/\$1.39





# DINOSAUR SCENES HOBBY KITS

## ALL-PLASTIC MONSTERS TO BUILD AND DISPLAY



**DIMETRODON**

NEW! 10" long replica of the lined lizard. With the ferocious beast is a prehistoric dragonfly. One of the earliest dinosaurs. It's fin was an incredible weather vane! #24105/\$3.20



**TYRANNOSAURUS REX**

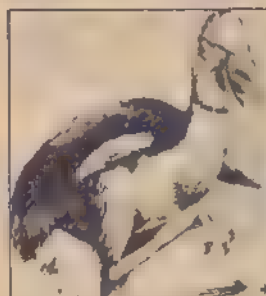
NEW! The King of the Dinosaurs, the most powerful creature ever to roam the earth. This kit when fully assembled, stands nearly 3 feet tall! An amazing plastic kit. #24106/\$12.99



**ANKYLOSAURUS**

NEW! An indestructible dinosaur due to his mace like tail and spiked armor shell. A vegetarian but incredibly strong animal. One of the last of the dinosaurs. #24104/\$2.79

## PLUS THESE 14 EXCITING FAVORITES!



**GIANT BIRD** Called Phororhacos this is a large meat eating bird. Could not fly, but was an enormous 6' tall. Kit is a large 6" and features a details such as 4 toes and the devastating jaw. #2434/\$3.00



**SPIKED DINOSAUR** The Styraosaurus cousin to the Triceratops. Multi-spiked shield on head and horn on nose kept the meat eaters at a great distance. Kit is over a foot long. Put him against Rex! #2437/\$5.50



**SABER TOOTH TIGER** Kit is over 8" long and features the most ferocious mammal ever to walk the earth. Our ancestors were his monster's breakfast! Put him against the Mammoth's blood enemy! #2420/\$3.00



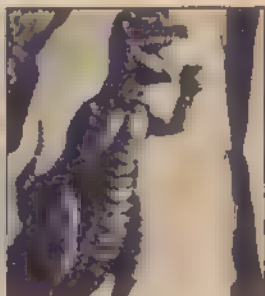
**GIANT WOOLLY MAMMOTH** The best known of the prehistoric monsters. Kit is over 14" long and features the long tusked beast in all of his glory. Mammoth was particularly strong. #2438/\$6.50



**T-RX PIT SCENE** Here is a perfect setting for your Mammoth, Tiger and other Mammals. Kit comes complete with setting, tree, sunken Rhino and prehistoric vulture. Scene of death and devastation. #2417/\$3.50



**CRO-MAGNON WOMAN** A perfect and necessary companion for the Cro-Magnon man. She too is over 4" tall and is posed so as to be frightened of monsters. Put her in cave, landing home, while hubby hunts. #2422/\$2.00



**PREHISTORIC CAVE** Built to scale so that prehistoric humans can be placed inside. Hide your people from the dangerous dinosaurs that lurk without! Detailed interior of cave to keep cavemen busy. #2418/\$3.50

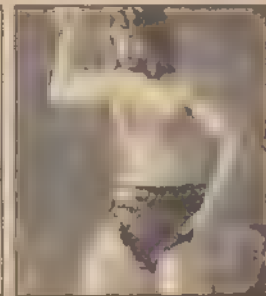
### BUILD AN ENTIRE PREHISTORIC WORLD

Here is an incredible world of monsters against men. Create an entire diorama of prehistoric life with these exciting prehistoric kits. Featured are all of the best-known dinosaurs and early mammals. A challenging set of hobby kits; a must for all fans of early life on our world.

**Build 'em & display!**



**JUNGLE SWAMP** Over 60 parts in this recreation of an ages old prehistoric marshland. Includes flying reptiles, cave house, prehistoric bird, pool, trees and dinosaur plants. Over a large 13" long. #2435/\$3.50



**CRO-MAGNON MAN** Here he is in all his spear-throwing glory. Man is 4" tall and can be put in battle against the Tiger or any of the other prehistoric dangers. Perfect proportioned for cave. #2423/\$2.00



**GIANT ALLOSAURUS** This kit is over 10" high and stars the deadly cousin of the Tyrannosaurus. Creature was 30' tall and lived in what is now the United States. Have him fight the Triceratops. #2419/\$3.50



**FLYING REPTILE** The Pteranodon, the first of the winged reptiles. Kit features bird with 18-1/2" wing span. Creature would pluck fish from the sea to eat. Had poor eye sight but flew by sonar like bat. #2424/\$3.00



**NEANDERTHAL MAN** This is one of the first cavemen. Lived in what is now Europe and could live in temperatures of extreme cold. Kit is 4-1/2" high with detailed human features. Put him in cave. #2421/\$2.00



**CAVE BEAR** A big 6" high kit and a most wonderful beast of the Pleistocene period. It was exclusively vegetarian. This animal was an amazingly big bear than any bear of today. Worshipped by tribes. #2433/\$3.00



**THREE-HORNED DINOSAUR** This is a small kit, is over 1-1/2" long, and features the Triceratops, a monster that grew to over 20" long. Two deadly horns on head were used in combat. Pedatory dinosaurs. #2436/\$5.50

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# ASTONISHING! BRAND-NEW VINYL WHOLE-HEAD HORROR MASKS!

**NEW! FROM HOLLYWOOD VINYL MOVIE MONSTER MASKS!**

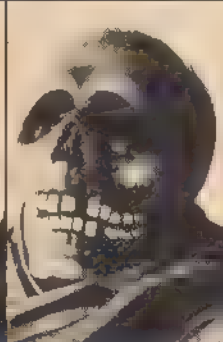
They fit the whole head. Sturdy, flexible but unbreakable all-weather vinyl masks. Reasonably priced so you can buy 'em ALL! All great!



**THE FRANKENSTEIN!** For the narrow-minded, this long-face Frank's a real "THIN" FRANKENSTEIN \$8.95 #2555



**THE SKULL!** Immense oversized skull! Classic for the Calumet and quite cracked! #2556 THE SKULL \$8.95



**VERMILION SKULL!** A fearful fiery Roasting Red! The hard-headed bit of Hades! #2557 VERMILION SKULL \$8.95



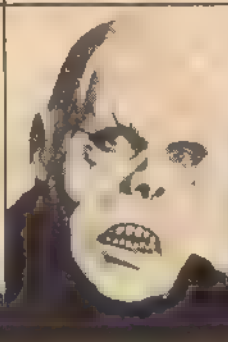
**WOLFMAN!** Really new-FANGLED way to break friends & influential people! #2558 WOLFMAN \$8.95



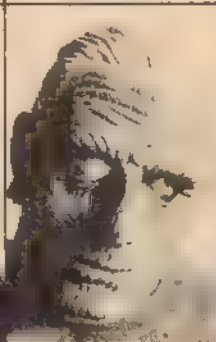
**METALUNA ROBOT!** A metal man, shining silvery. It could be YOU! #2559 METALUNA ROBOT \$8.95



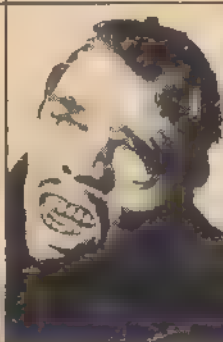
**"WIDE" FRANKENSTEIN!** The square-headed monster ball will DEMAND this! #2560 "WIDE" FRANKENSTEIN \$8.95



**THE PHANTOM!** His skull-like face and flaring nostrils could make a statue sweat blood! #2561 THE PHANTOM \$8.95



**THE MUMMY!** He leers at you from the AGES, this ghost-propelled corpse of Tainted Tannin! #2562 THE MUMMY \$8.95



**THE HUNCHBACK!** Deformed creature cursed to sink through countless catacombs! #2563 THE HUNCHBACK \$8.95



**MR. HYDE!** The first and last (choking) word in beast-men! The saw-eyed Fiend of Frights! #2564 MR. HYDE \$8.95



**TOR JOHNSON!** One of the greatest character actors of all time! New YOU can be him! Perfect! #2565 TOR JOHNSON \$8.95

## SUPER-DELUXE SPOOKTACULAR CREEPY & EERIE MASKS!

## PLUS TWO TYPES CREEPY & EERIE BUDGET MASKS VINYL & RUBBER



### UNCLE CREEPY DELUXE MASK

Specially made by Don Post! Finely executed with Creepish Craftsmanship to look just like our old Ugly Unc! High quality latex rubber and a ghostly, ghostly and realistic thatch of pale hair to top him off! A Morbid Masterwork! Order #2544 UNCLE CREEPY DELUXE MASK \$14.95



### COUSIN EERIE DELUXE MASK

Heavy, durable, whole-headed mask of our half-wit fiend! COUSIN EERIE is Scarily Sculpted in high quality latex rubber, with some hellishly red and realistic hair atop his hand-painted face! A Clammy Classic! Order #2545 COUSIN EERIE DELUXE MASK \$14.95



**BOTH BUDGET MASKS CAST FROM SAME MOLD! ONLY ONE IS VINYL, ONE IS RUBBER!**

Both the vinyl & the rubber Budget masks, represented above, look alike, but the vinyl is sturdier, more heavy-duty. Both these makes of mask cover the entire head, too. Each is a bargain! You'll probably want all six! Deluxe, Vinyl & Rubber, to hold super CREEPY & EERIE parties!

#2566 CREEPY VINYL MASK \$8.95  
#2567 EERIE VINYL MASK \$8.95

#2568 CREEPY RUBBER MASK \$4.95  
#2569 EERIE RUBBER MASK \$4.95

## HERE ARE 3 FABULOUS SETS OF CREEPY-EERIE MASKS!



# SUPER ACTION FIGURES...



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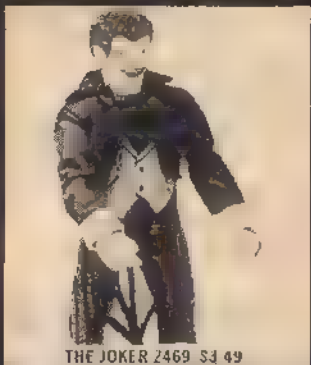
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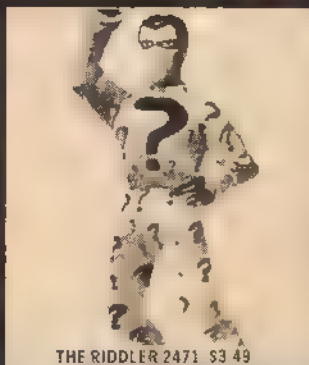
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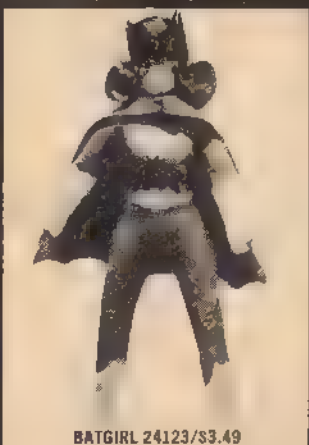
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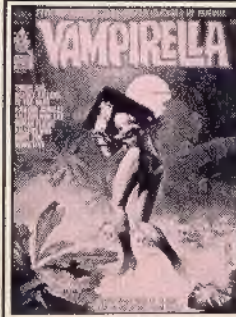
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